I Knew You Were Mine

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I Knew You Were Mine

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will is saved from a crazed omega who wants the baby he's carrying by his OB/GYN Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Little do they both know just how much they have in common or how the events that follow will change their lives forever.

Chapter 1

Will doesn't remember much after he saw the body of the man who tried to steal his baby.

He remembered Dr. Lecter's smile, his soft touch, and the whisper of words that made him feel safe again.

"It's over, Will. I'm here."

Dr. Lecter's scent had felt so safe to Will the first time he'd walked into an appointment. He hated the omegan instinct to trust in alphas, and it had been obvious just how much from his obstetrician's teasing, but still almost instantly he trusted him.

“I promise I won’t hold your instincts against you.”

Most alphas did, much to Will’s annoyance, and Dr. Lecter was so different Will started to enjoy his appointments a bit too much. Every touch made Will’s body sing, excess slick gushing out of him, and Dr. Lecter never once commented on it.

Will thought perhaps it was normal.

He looked it up and saw it was not, but still Dr. Lecter never once used his need against him. Not for the next four months.

Then Will went into his lamaze class and met Matthew Brown, another omega, whose smile and jokes made Will feel normal for once in his life. Matt didn’t glare at him when he was alone. He was just like Will, pregnant and alphaless.

“We don’t need alphas, Will,” he teased, “Artificial knots are better anyway.”

Will didn’t tell him how he’d gotten pregnant, and pretended it was an alpha who just didn’t want to be a dad. It was safer that way, and Matt’s story was similar. They grew closer over the next few months, and he thought he’d made a friend for life.

Then, of course, he went to Matt’s house in the woods and found out it was all a lie.

Matt wanted his baby, and Will fought like hell trying to make sure that didn’t happen. But still Matt had him in chains, terrified out of his mind, and his life of pushing everyone away made Will sure no one would even know he was gone.

Doctor Lecter came forty eight hours into Will’s captivity, and when he saw him standing in the doorway of the bedroom he’d been kept in for what felt like so long covered in blood Will

finally felt safe again. He stared down at Matt's bloody body as the alpha carried him out of that house and felt nothing but calm.

He woke up the next morning in a bed not his own, surrounded by Dr. Lecter's scent.

"Hello, Will."

Will let out a long breath, put his hands on his belly, and closed his eyes.

"Doctor Lecter."

"I do believe it's time for you to call me Hannibal, is it not?"

Will opened his eyes and found Hannibal sitting in a chair not far from the bed.

"How did you find us?"

"I had seen you with Mr. Brown on many occasions and thought perhaps he was an alpha courting you. You never once smelled of alpha, which of course confused me, but when you did not come to your appointment I grew worried."

Will let out a long breath. "I'm sure there are plenty of omegas who miss appointments."

"Yes," Hannibal said, sitting on the edge of the bed, "But not you."

Will reached for his hand and entwined their fingers together. "Thank you."

"You are not frightened of me."

“No,” he shook his head, “I’m not.”

“Murder doesn’t frighten you.”

“No.”

“Hmm.”

Will took Hannibal’s hand and put it on his belly. “Have you….checked on her?”

“Your daughter is quite healthy. I felt her kick often through the night.”

“The drugs he gave me didn’t---?”

“No.”

Will put his hand over Hannibal’s. “Are you gonna….”

“I do not plan on kidnapping you, if that is your question.”

“I could call the police.”

“You could.”

“I don’t think that was the first time you killed someone.”

Hannibal took Will's hand and kissed it. "No, it was not."

Will smiled at him. "You never asked me."

"Never asked you what, Will?"

"Where her father was."

"It did not feel relevant."

"It is now."

Hannibal smiled. "Is it?"

"I killed him," Will whispered, "After. I wanted to have a baby but I didn't...I didn't want an alpha."

"You could've used a sperm donor."

"You know I couldn't have," Will laughed, "Sperm banks are for mated pairs who have trouble conceiving. The way the world works for omegas, it's….wrong not to want an alpha."

Hannibal peeled back Will's shirt, and leaned in to kiss his bare belly. Will shivered. He laid his cheek against Will's stomach and looked into his eyes, squeezing Will's hand all the while.

“And now?”

“You wouldn’t want someone else’s baby.”

“She is your baby, Will. No one else’s.”

Will felt a tear fall down his cheek. “You….”

“The minute you walked into my office I knew you were mine. I planned on courting you after the birth. I….had no intention of letting you go.”

“Hannibal….”

“Will you have me, Will? Accept my court?”

“I….”

“I tore out his throat, Will. I killed him for you, and I will kill for you again.”

“Alpha,” Will sighed, touching his cheek.

“Stay,” Hannibal whispered.

Will nodded.

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will’s belly again and Will ran fingers through his hair. He felt a gush of slick slide down his legs, and whimpered.

“I have longed to taste your want of me, every appointment I smelled your slick and fought my instincts to take advantage,” Hannibal whispered, “But I will wait until you are ready.”

Will sighed. “Thank you.”

Hannibal sat up, smiled, and kissed his hand once more.

“Don’t get up. I will bring breakfast to you.”

He moved to stand and Will gripped his hand. “Don’t.”

“Will.”

“Don’t go. I...I can walk. I can.”

Hannibal smiled. “Of course.”

Hannibal helped him stand and Will realized he was wearing a pair of pajama pants that weren’t his own. The soft grey silk made Will feel shiver as he moved, still holding Hannibal’s hand, and as they walked down the hall he took in the house around him.

Hannibal obviously had money, most doctors did, but he could see that the alpha was used to the finer things in life. Everything shined and looked more expensive than Will’s entire house. He wondered more than once how he’d caught the eye of an alpha such as this.

“Your mind is going to places that trouble you.”

“No, I’m---”

“Tell me.”

“Why me?”

“I’ve enjoyed every moment we’ve had together,” Hannibal said, leading him into the dining room, “Every touch, every smile, and the bits of yourself you’ve shared with me.”

“I’m not worth….I don’t deserve….”

Hannibal pulled out a chair, and Will didn’t take his eyes off him as he sat down.

“You *are* ,” he whispered, kissing Will’s hand, “And you *do* . I have never wanted a mate, never even imagined someone worthy of my bite, until *you* .”

Will felt an odd urge to purr, and bit down on his tongue.

“Will?”

He shook his head and Hannibal lifted his chin. “Do not hold back your instincts.”

A tear fell down his cheek as he let out a purr, long and loud. Hannibal smiled, nuzzled their cheeks together, and pressed a kiss to the gland on Will’s neck. His purr grew louder, deeper, and more desperate.

“ *Alpha…* .”

“To hear your purr, Will,” Hannibal whispered, “Is *everything* .”

“Hannibal, *please* .”

He lifted his head, smiled, and touched Will’s cheek with his fingertips. “Thank you for the gift of your trust.”

Will nuzzled his hand, his eyes glazed over, and whimpered. “I….”

“I will not take you in this state, Will,” he whispered, “Not for the first time. Just know I am here and not going anywhere.”

Will nodded, overwhelmed, and when Hannibal moved to leave grabbed his hand again.

“I….I’d feel safer if I could come with you.”

“Of course.”

For the next hour he watched Hannibal make them breakfast, leaning against the alpha’s back, and was lulled into bliss by the sound of his voice.

“....and then you take the folded egg and flip like so.”

“Mmm…”

“Will?”

“Sorry, I just...I’m a little out of it.”

“It’s quite alright,” Hannibal said softly, “I am quite honored you find having me close so comforting.”

He smiled. “I always have.”

“Have you?”

“Mmm hmm,” he sighed, “That’s why I hated it so much.”

“And now?”

“I don’t hate it so much anymore.”

Breakfast was a spinach omelette, sausage, and toast points along with orange mango juice. Will ate with his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, purring lightly, and when they were through they spent most of the afternoon just lying on the couch as Hannibal read.

He fell asleep in the alpha’s lap, tired still, and woke in Hannibal’s bed again. Though this time he was lying in the alpha’s arms.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, wiping his eyes, “I...I feel like I haven’t slept in days.”

“You were with Mr. Brown for some time. The feeling is not completely wrong. I’m sure you were in distress for most of that time.”

He sighed and breathed in Hannibal’s scent. “I...I would’ve liked to watch you kill him.”

Hannibal ran his fingers through Will's hair. "There is ample time for you to watch me kill someone else."

He smiled. "It won't be nearly as satisfying."

"No, I suppose not."

"I should shower."

"It's been some time, I suppose, but I find nothing wrong with your scent."

"I don't smell?"

"At this moment you smell a mixture of you, your daughter, and myself. It's quite an intoxicating aroma."

"Mmm…"

"If you're averse to showering alone, I would join you if it made you feel better."

"No ulterior motives, Dr. Lecter?"

"Of course not," Hannibal teased, "I will close my eyes the entire time."

Will laughed. "What fun is that?"

"If you prefer I could instead run a bath and help you cleanse yourself."

Will felt a bit of slick leak out his backside and he shivered. “Yeah, I’d...I like that idea.”

Hannibal kissed his forehead. “Do you need to come with me as I prepare the bath?”

“Yeah,” Will whispered, blushing, “Sorry.”

“No apologies needed.”

The bathroom was en suite and not far, much to Will’s relief. He sat on the toilet lid while Hannibal ran the water and never took his eyes off him. The strength in the alpha’s build was easy to see, and Will felt himself grow heated again at every muscle that stretched while Hannibal moved.

He imagined Hannibal would be a generous lover, eager to please, and the images that came to mind only made Will’s thoughts more wanton.

It would be a mistake to give into desire now, so soon after his ordeal, and he forced himself to look away for fear he’d do just that.

Minutes passed as he tried to calm himself, and when Hannibal came close again the scent of him was almost too much. He was on his knees when he made Will meet his gaze with a single touch to his chin.

“The bath is finished, Will.”

“I….”

“I can smell your desire quite strongly,” he said, his voice thick, “It’s….hard to resist, but I will.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Never apologize for your instincts.”

“The last time I trusted my instincts….,” Will began, tears filling his eyes.

“....Matthew Brown wormed his way into your trust.”

He nodded. “I know you’re not gonna hurt me but I just…”

Hannibal took Will’s hands in his and kissed his knuckles both before he looked up into his eyes. “...I await the time you are ready. Do you wish me to leave?”

“No,” Will whispered, his voice thick, “Please don’t.”

“You want me to bathe you?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal smiled. “You apologize for not being ready to give yourself to desire, but have already allowed me so much of you in such a short time. I am honored.”

“Hannibal….”

“I will turn my back as you undress.”

Will shook his head. “No, I...it’s okay.”

Hannibal licked his lips. “I would be better if I did. It’s not as if I don’t desire such a view, I am just not sure I can trust myself not to give into the need that burns in me seeing your nakedness.”

Will blushed. “Oh.”

He turned around and Will took off his clothes before slipping into the warmth of the bath. The flowery scent felt like heaven as he lay back, and his voice felt thick when he spoke.

“You can turn around.”

Hannibal turned and stared at him for what felt like forever before he said anything.

“You are the most exquisite creature I’ve ever seen.”

Will blushed. “No, I’m not.”

He came and knelt by the bath. “Yes, you are.”

Will couldn’t meet his eyes as Hannibal dipped the washcloth into the water and ran it over his back. He felt another gush of slick leave him and wiggled a bit, sighing as he closed his eyes.

“I think perhaps it would be best if you sleep alone this evening.”

He turned, hurt at the rejection, and shook his head. “No.”

“Will.”

“You wanted me to stay.”

“I’m finding it hard even now not to ravish you. I will not lose your trust because of my baser instincts.”

Will put his hand over Hannibal’s on his shoulder. “I trust you.”

“Will.”

“I haven’t had another alpha inside me since I killed him. I’ve...never had any alpha inside me other than him.”

Hannibal blinked. “I...find that hard to believe.”

He frowned. “You think I’m lying?”

“No,” he shook his head, “I find it hard to believe because you’re one of the most beautiful omegas I’ve ever laid eyes on. Alphas should be falling at your feet in hopes to knot you.”

“I didn’t want any of them,” Will hissed, “I’ve always hated being an omega but I wanted to be a father. My own father was the best man I’ve ever known and he raised me all alone after his alpha left. I wanted to….”

Hannibal pressed a kiss to his shoulder and Will shivered. “You wanted to be that same type of father.”

“Yes.”

“You will be.”

“How can you know?”

He reached out to touch Will’s cheek. “You risked your life for your daughter. You fought for her. That is how I know you will be a good father.”

Will felt a tear run down his cheek. “I want to be.”

“You will. She’s lucky to have you being the one who carries her.”

He looked down at his belly. “I already felt for months like I didn’t know what I was doing and with all that’s happened I just….I feel like I’m not ready.”

Hannibal put his hand over Will’s belly. “You are, Will. I promise you that.”

“She doesn’t even have a name. I...I didn’t even….”

He put his hand over Hannibal’s on his stomach and shivered when the alpha linked their fingers. “It will come to you.”

Will squeezed his hand and looked up just as Hannibal kissed his cheek. “Just like you did.”

The look Hannibal gave him made Will feel more wanted than he had his entire life.

“I do not want to lose this feeling, Will,” Hannibal whispered, “I know that your trust must be something akin to gold. Please just...trust that I will protect you even from afar.”

Will looked away and hated how the rejection tore at him. “I won’t beg you for something you think you can’t give, Dr. Lecter.”

The rest of the bath was silent, sterile, and when they finished Hannibal turned around again as Will left to find a change of clothing. He didn’t come out until Will was fully dressed, and he didn’t linger when Will said nothing to him.

Chapter 2

Will spent the rest of the afternoon alone, mostly playing on the tablet that had been left at his bedside, and Hannibal came again to bring him lunch just after two. He lingered, hovering, and Will ignored him until he left again.

He was being a stubborn brat, he knew that, but still Hannibal had offered him comfort only to snatch it away so quickly. Will knew it was for his sake, but still it stung to be rejected.

Lunch did not taste as good as breakfast did, though he ate everything he was given, and when Hannibal came again it was to bring him something else.

“I know you’re angry with me.”

Will didn’t answer him, turning his back.

“I went to the pharmacy and got scent blockers for myself.”

He turned around so fast the tablet fell to the floor. “What?”

“So I do not give into the tempation of your scent,” Hannibal said, frowning, “I….I want to be your comfort, Will. I thought this was what you wanted?”

“I don’t….you...so then you can’t smell me?”

“Not at the moment no. They took some time to kick in so I made you this.”

He set down another tray and revealed a small dessert that looked a little like cake. “I didn’t want you to do that.”

Hannibal sat down beside him. “You can still smell me, yes?”

Will breathed in and Hannibal’s scent was a bit different but still there. “Yes.”

“I don’t want to take advantage so soon after earning your trust.”

He reached for his hand on bed and entwined their fingers. “I know, but….what if I wanted you to?”

“The pills wear off in a manner of hours.”

“Don’t take them again.”

Hannibal kissed his hand. “I will not.”

He laid down on the bed and Will lay on him again. “I...I think I knew you were mine too.”

Hannibal sighed and squeezed their hands together. “ *Will*… .”

“Feed me?”

Will was fed by Hannibal’s hand for the next five minutes, a courting gesture even more telling than the others they so far had shared, and when he was done Will grabbed his hand, kissing his fingers one by one. The full body shudder Hannibal experienced made him smile.

“You said you weren’t ready.”

“I’m not,” Will said softly, “But I’m doing as you said and following my instincts.”

He purred as Hannibal pulled him closer and kissed his forehead. “Mylimasis, you wound me. I wish I could smell you at this moment.”

“You might not be able to smell me now, but you will.”

They spent the next several hours just talking, giving whatever they could of themselves, and when the sun went down Will knew the minute Hannibal started to smell his scent again by the change in the alpha’s own.

“Will….”

“I wasn’t,” Will said softly, “Completely honest with you.”

Hannibal buried his nose against Will’s neck, desperately drowning in Will’s scent now that he could smell it again, and let out a growl that went to Will’s core. “I find I don’t care.”

“You might,” Will mumbled, closing his eyes, “I...I’ve wanted to kill someone long before that alpha. I….I used to...dream of it.”

Hannibal kissed his gland. “Were they always alphas?”

“No,” he sighed, “But...I always woke up slick and aching.”

“ *Will*… ..”

“It was wrong,” he moaned, “I knew it was wrong but….”

Hannibal lifted his head. “Desire is never wrong.”

“I wanted a child, but I wanted to kill just as much. When I finally got pregnant I was gonna wait until after the birth till I tried it again.”

He smiled at him and kissed Will’s cheek. “Were you going to kill Matthew?”

“No,” Will whispered, purring as Hannibal’s fingers came under his shirt, “I thought he was pregnant.”

“And after you knew he was not?”

“I….”

“I’m sorry for taking the satisfaction of killing him from you.”

“Don’t be sorry,” Will purred, resting his hand on Hanniba’s cheek, “If you killing him is what it took to finally bring us together like this then I’m not.”

Hannibal stared into his eyes. “ *Mylimasis*… .”

“What does that word mean?”

“Beloved.”

“How can you be so sure?” Will asked, “You hardly know me.”

“I have never been so sure of anything before and never will be again.”

Will kissed him softly, a tender press of lips that barely touched, and purred when Hannibal’s fingers gripped the back of his neck. He was lost in the scent of them, aching, and the fear that kept him from following his instincts quickly disappeared.

“Please,” he whispered, his voice thick with want, “Please, Hannibal. I….”

“Take your pleasure, Will,” Hannibal whispered, panting, “Fill yourself with my want of you.”

He whimpered as he stumbled off the bed, tearing off his clothes and never once looking anywhere but into Hannibal’s eyes. He wanted this, craved the alpha inside, and when Hannibal was finally nude before him laying down again Will did what they both needed.

The alpha’s cock was full and ready for him, and Will lost all fear as he lined his hole up to the tip. Hannibal’s hands came at his hips as Will stared into his eyes. “I’ve never wanted anyone this much.”

“I know, Mylimasis,” Hannibal whispered, his eyes filled with need, “I *know* .”

Will cried out when he sunk down onto him, throwing his back at the fullness, and could hardly breathe for how good he felt. “Hannibal, I….”

“Tell me, Will.”

“It’s never felt this good,” he confessed, purring as he started to move, “Oh *god,* it’s….it’s so *good*.”

“Will….I…..”

He pulled Will into a crushing kiss, their tongues tasting each other, and began to thrust up with every move of Will’s hips. This was what they were meant to be doing, Will knew that now, and as he felt his belly press against Hannibal he knew he would never do this with anyone else ever again.

Hannibal broke their kiss and began to tease his gland, sucking hard as Will rocked down onto his cock. He purred, whimpering with each perfect touch of his inner pleasure, and when Hannibal’s teeth nipped at his skin Will cried out.

“Bite me,” he purred, “Oh god, Alpha *please* !”

He didn’t bite, not then, and Will groaned in frustration.

“Hannibal, bite me. I want it, I need it, I…”

The alpha broke away, gasping for air, and turned Will’s cheek. “Your pleasure is clouding your senses, I will not….”

Will growled and bit into Hannibal’s neck, making his knot suddenly fill without warning. He groaned and quickened his thrusts, desperate for completion as he felt Hannibal on the edge of his own.

“Will, Will I….”

“Please,” Will begged, “Please, I---”

The moment Hannibal bit down into his gland Will's orgasm was ripped from him as he spilled between them. He sobbed, scenting Hannibal's cheek, and when he felt the alpha's knot lock he felt whole for the first time in his entire life.

Hannibal pulled his mouth away with blood dripping down his lips, and Will smiled.

"Kiss me."

The taste of his own blood on the alpha's tongue made his omegan core sing, and as they fell back onto the bed he felt tears on his cheeks. They pulled apart to catch their breaths, and Will scented Hannibal's cheek again before he lay on his chest. The pulse of Hannibal's knot spilled inside him and his contentment only grew.

"Thank you," Hannibal whispered, kissing his forehead.

"Mmm."

"I promise I will not betray the gift you've given me."

He smiled. "I just trusted my instincts. They led us here, didn't they?"

"Yes, and I will be forever grateful for them."

Will felt his eyes grow heavy and when he next woke it was again in Hannibal's arms. He was clean, warm, and felt their bond throbbing between them.

"You slept for some time."

His stomach growled and the baby kicked at him a little. "I think someone's hungry."

“Yes,” Hannibal whispered, kissing his cheek, “I suppose you both are in need of sustenance. Do you need to join me in the kitchen?”

He smiled. “I can feel you wherever you are now,” he sighed, “I think I’m okay.”

Hannibal left the bed and he buried his face in the scent left behind on the alpha’s pillow. He lay back and put hands on his belly. The small kick he got in response made him smile.

“Does that mean I picked a good one?”

She kicked him again and he laughed.

He lay there just basking in the feeling of their bond and purred so loudly he was sure Hannibal had to hear him downstairs. His eyes started to droop so Will pulled himself out of bed, grabbing a robe that hung on the back of Hannibal’s bedroom door. He walked down the hall and the stairs, resisting the urge to meet his alpha in the kitchen. The smell of cooking meat made his stomach growl again but he walked down through an open door that led to what seemed to be a library.

The room was full of wall to wall bookshelves but when he sat at the large desk he realized it was also an office. He smiled, imagining Hannibal going through paperwork there, and leaned back against the comfortable chair.

A minute later something caught his eye.

It was a folder with his name on it.

He frowned.

“I shouldn’t.”

Something tugged at his fears and Will bit his lip as he stared at the folder. It was more than likely his medical record, or at the very least an observation of him. He looked around for a moment and then couldn’t resist opening the folder to see what was inside.

The very first page made him pause.

PATIENT FILE: Will Graham

Mr. Graham is an omega, approximately thirty two years of age and unmated. His pregnancy has made him desperately for an alpha’s embrace as he almost consistently smells of slick every time he comes in to the office. He is quite quick witted and smart for an omega. I suspect he wished to emulate alphas most of his life and picked up on what makes them tick. I wonder at how he was tricked into a pregnancy. He does not seem the type to fall for an alpha’s wiles.

I find myself wanting to prolong his office visits more and more every time I see him.

This should not continue.

His hands shook as he flipped ahead a few pages.

OFFICE VISIT 9: WILL GRAHAM

Will is now in his seventh month of pregnancy. He has begun to secrete slick every time I touch him, and I find myself wanting to taste the sweetness between his legs. This needs to end, or I need to take him for my own. I do not think he will trust me so soon if not for an act of severe trauma.

He felt tears in his eyes.

“Will, what’s---”

Will looked up at Hannibal, his hands shaking, and shook his head. “Tell me you didn’t.”

“Will.”

“Tell me you didn’t!”

Hannibal didn’t move.

“ *Will* .”

He turned the page and ignored the sound of Hannibal coming towards him.

OFFICE VISIT 11: WILL GRAHAM

Will’s pregnancy is progressing wonderfully. He need not come in for so many visits but I suspect he enjoys my scent more and more every time we meet. I followed him after our visit today, and spotted him walking with another man. I know on sight this man is an omega because he’s been in my office before. His name is Matthew Brown, and he is quite sterile. I think he perhaps wants to deceive Will in some way as he is wearing padding to seem pregnant.

This may be the event I have been waiting for.

Hannibal snatched the folder from him, and Will fell back on the chair. His vision was blurry through his tears as he put his hands on his stomach. “You let him take me.”

“I wanted you very badly,” Hannibal whispered, falling to his knees in front of him, “I….I could not wait any longer.”

“I WAS THERE FOR TWO DAYS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE!”

Hannibal took his hands, kissing them, and Will didn’t fight his touch. “I know, Mylimasis. I know.”

“How can I trust you now?”

“Will….”

He stared down at Hannibal, shaking his head. “I’m not going anywhere,” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion, “But I don’t want to see you. Please leave me alone.”

“Will, what can I do?”

“Can you turn back time?”

Hannibal blinked back tears. “I’m sorry.”

“GO!”

He got up from the floor and set the folder in front of Will again. “There are more pages. Please read them.”

Will waited until he was gone to throw himself across the desk, sobbing, and his daughter kicked inside him. “I’m sorry,” he sobbed, “I’m so sorry.”

The safe feeling of being Hannibal's mate was gone and replaced by distress so deep he could almost choke. All the lies, and the pain, narrowed in on Will until he could hardly breathe.

He'd been so stupid.

Hannibal didn't think he was an equal at all.

He laid his head on the desk, hating that he still enjoyed Hannibal's scent, and closed his eyes.

'Please read them.'

Will sniffled, lifted his head, and opened the folder again.

There were several pages at the end of the pile, not labeled, and when he read the first words he paused.

I do believe I have made a mistake.

Will has been gone for only eighteen hours and my instincts are betraying me. I feel as if my soul has been ripped away, that I've lost something important that I may never find again, and fear that if I wait any longer it may be too late.

I may never smell his sweet scent again, never touch his soft skin, or see him smile at me. He is strong, so much more than I thought he ever could be, and my mistake may have cost his life. Can I let him drown in distress for my own gain? Was my desperate want of him worth this fear?

If Matthew Brown has hurt him I will tear the flesh from his throat and revel in the sight of his corpse.

The child inside Will's belly I have already begun to feel is my own.

I trust that Will can protect them both but fear I may not be able to wait much longer until I kill Matthew Brown.

Will let out a long breath, his hands shaking, and turned the page.

I dreamt of killing Matthew last night.

The taste of his blood on my tongue made me feel something I've never felt before. Some baser instinct that sung to me so strongly I could hardly breathe. Will was there smiling at me, and when I kissed him his mouth was red with that very same blood. We devoured each other across Matthew's corpse and when I bit into his gland he screamed my name.

When I woke alone I longed for him, and drove to Matthew Brown's home sitting outside. The house was dark but I walked to the window and saw Will asleep chained to a bed. He looked peaceful. I wished to be there with him.

Not long now.

Will let out a long breath, his heart beating wildly in his chest, and looked at the last page.

I saw Matthew Brown today.

He was emptying his vehicle of groceries with a blackened eye and it made me smile. Will is still alive, he has to be, and it will not be long until he is safe in my arms.

Matthew's delusion may help us come together but I will not let my mistake tear us apart.

I will take Will from him tonight, and wallow in the taste of his blood.

This will be my gift to you, Will.

I promise I will not make this mistake again.

Will closed the folder and stared straight ahead.

How Hannibal thought these words could fix anything he didn't understand. He got up from the desk and began to walk down the hall feeling nothing. Hannibal was waiting for him at the dining room table and Will sat as far away from him as he could.

"Will."

"You could've saved me that first day."

"Yes, I know."

"You promised me I wasn't making a mistake."

"Will."

"I trusted you already," he laughed, wiping his face, "It wouldn't have been long until I….god you're such an asshole."

He could feel how upset Hannibal was across the table but made no move to comfort him.

“I wanted you very badly.”

“Bad enough to lose me forever?”

Hannibal shook his head. “No.”

“I believed every honey tongued word that came out of your lying fucking mouth, you know? I….god I thought I had it so *great* . Lucky me! A doctor *and* an alpha who thinks omegas aren’t worthless? Then I find out you basically waited to ‘save me’ from some crazed lunatic who might’ve killed me if---”

“I WOULD NOT HAVE LET HIM KILL YOU!”

Will stood up and banged his hands on the table. “He tried to cut my throat! Did you know that? He had a knife to my throat and forced me to drink all this shit that was gonna make the baby come early. I swallowed it and thankfully nothing happened because he was crazy. But I...god Hannibal why couldn’t you just….”

“Tell me what I can do.”

“Swallow your pride and figure it out yourself.”

He took some food and walked out of the dining room all the way upstairs where he locked the bedroom door. Their bond he forced behind a wall in his mind, and fell asleep alone that night without shedding a single tear.

Chapter 3

Will was surprised to find the house completely empty when he woke.

Maybe Hannibal was back at the doctor's office.

Hannibal had other patients, he knew that, and ignored the fact that there was nothing but empty calendar pages on the log book he found in Hannibal's desk for the next seven days.

He walked around, confused, and found nothing at all to explain Hannibal's absence.

Will hated that the alpha being gone was oddly disconcerting, and forced himself not to care.

A day passed.

He made himself meals, hating how just the act of cooking brought on the memory of watching Hannibal do the same. Was this more manipulation? Did he think if he ran away and made Will worried about him that would somehow fix everything?

Will tried to ignore the pain of separation, hated his own weakness, and lost himself in books the rest of the empty hours while he pretended the worry didn't claw at him.

Another full day passed.

He started to grow worried.

Will forced himself to feel their bond for the first time in over twenty four hours, and it felt like ice in his veins when he found there was nothing.

What was going on?

He called Hannibal's office. "Doctor Lecter? Oh he called me yesterday looking to find a bond breaker. I told him how that was illegal but---"

Will hung up the phone and ran to the bathroom to throw up, hardly able to breathe for his fear.

"No, no, no," he moaned, shaking.

He wouldn't do that without Will's permission.

Bond breaking was the ultimate horror for mated couples, which was why it was highly illegal. People were known to have died from the trauma if it wasn't done correctly, and as a doctor Hannibal knew better than to even think of such a horrible thing.

Will thought of who he could call that might know of any bond breakers.

He hadn't talked to anyone in the FBI for almost four years now after running away from his job. That life had been nothing but pain for him, but now it felt like that's all he could do. He called Jack Crawford, who answered on the first ring.

"Will?"

"Hi, Jack."

"I've kept your number in my phone for years but I didn't imagine....what's wrong?"

"Bond breaking."

Jack paused.

“It’s illegal, and….really bad for anyone involved. Why are you asking?”

“I know, Jack,” Will hissed, “I….do you know anyone who does it?”

“Will, tell me what’s happening.”

“ *Please* ,” he growled, “I...I can’t feel him anymore and I think….”

“Abel Gideon,” Jack sighed, “He’s been arrested a number of times but I’m pretty sure he still is involved in all that. It’s not safe for anyone to be around him, let alone someone who…”

“Who, what?”

“You’re unstable.”

“That’s why I’m retired,” Will laughed, wiping back tears, “That’s why….”

“Tell me what’s going on. Did someone break their bond with you?”

“He better hope not or I’ll kill him,” Will hissed, “Give me a number, Jack. Or tell me where.”

“I’ll do you better,” Jack said, “I’ll take you to him. Where are you?”

Will honestly had no idea what Hannibal's address was and got lucky enough to find some mail in the front hall. He hung up the phone and ran back to his room to get dressed after telling Jack his location.

He forced himself to push their bond again and felt a sliver of something that made him breathe again.

"You fucking asshole," he mumbled, "If you even…."

Jack showed up not twenty minutes later, and said nothing at the sight of Will's pregnant belly though he did do a double take. He drove without asking any questions and Will was grateful he didn't have to explain.

They drove almost an hour until JAck pulled up outside a building with the word CLINIC written on it's outside sign. Will searched the parking lot and saw no sign of Hannibal's car.

"Maybe he's not in there."

"Abel is the most well known," Jack said, "And he's the most thorough. If your alpha is looking for the best this is where he'll be."

"He's a doctor, a *real* doctor?"

"Yes."

Will moved to open the door and Jack grabbed his shoulder. "Jack, let me go."

"I'm not letting you in there alone."

“I’m going in there alone, Jack, whether you like it or not.”

Jack sighed. “I’m standing outside and any sign of distress or noise that even sounds like distress I’m coming in.”

“Fine.”

Will stalked up to the building and threw open the door, his teeth rattling as he pounded his hands on the desk in front of him. The blonde woman on the other side seemed extremely frightened at the sight of him.

“Dr. Hannibal Lecter.”

She looked behind her, and then at Will. “Sir, there’s no one who works here with that name.”

Will took a deep breath and closed his eyes. “I know he’s here.”

“Sir…”

He growled and headed straight through the clear doors that led into what he assumed were exam rooms. “SIR I AM GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!”

Will followed Hannibal’s scent and threw open the first door he came across, growling at what he saw. Hannibal was laid out on an exam table, not moving, and someone was draining Will’s secreted scent from his glands. He screamed, rushing the table, and punched who he assumed was Abel Gideon in the face.

He ripped out every tube and anything else attached to Hannibal's body, throwing himself over the alpha and growling.

Jack came in not two minutes later with his gun drawn.

"Will."

"Help me."

Jack dialed 911 and Will didn't move, pressing his nose to Hannibal's neck, and whispered in his ear. "If you broke our bond you've lost me forever."

The paramedics got there in record time and loaded Hannibal into an ambulance. Will never let him go, not even for a moment, and kept his hand in his the entire ride. He felt a tiny sliver of bond between them and clung to that, desperate for it not to break, and when Hannibal was in surgery sat with Jack who still asked no questions.

Dr. Bedelia DuMaurier came out with a smile on her face.

"Mr. Graham?"

"Yes."

"Your mate is stable, and there is no long term damage to his gland though I suspect your bond is teetering at the edge of collapse. You may need to exchange bites again to keep that from happening."

Will let out a breath. "Thank you."

“He’s awake, but did not ask for you.”

“I’m coming anyway.”

He looked at Jack. “You can go, I...I’m...”

“I’m not going anywhere, Will.”

“Thanks, Jack.”

“You’re welcome.”

Will got up from his seat and followed Dr. DuMaurier to Hannibal’s room where he found the alpha staring at the window. He waited until they were alone to speak.

“You could’ve died.”

“I did not.”

“You could’ve damaged your gland so badly that we would’ve never been able to bond again.”

Hannibal turned to look at him. “Is that not what you wanted? To turn back time?”

Will scoffed. “Don’t you *dare* turn this on me, asshole. I’m not the one who---”

“Will…”

“You’re so stupid,” Will whispered, his voice thick, “You….you said you knew I was yours. Who else was I going to be with if I couldn’t be yours?”

Hannibal frowned. “I thought you didn’t wish to be mine any longer.”

Will ran his hands over his face and sighed. “So did I.”

“ *Will…* ”

“You don’t get to make choices like that for the both of us, not anymore. Do you *hear* me?”

“Yes.”

“I was out of my mind worrying about you,” Will whispered, “I….I thought….if you’d died….”

“I’m sorry.”

“You’re such a drama queen,” he sighed, coming closer and putting his hand over Hannibal’s, “It wasn’t even a day. I...I might hate you right now but….”

“I betrayed your trust, I lied to you, and I….was selfish.”

“I know.”

“I allowed someone to….”

“I *know* , Hannibal.”

“I would do anything to make you trust me again.”

“Anything?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll think about it,” Will whispered, “After.”

“After?”

“After you bite me again now, and I bite you.”

Hannibal’s eyes widened. “You….would allow me this?”

“I’m not losing you, even if I hate your guts.”

Hannibal brushed the hair away from Will’s neck, and he leaned in closer to him. They stared into each other’s eyes. “I promise I will earn back your trust.”

Will sighed. “I’m holding you to that.”

He bit down softly into Will’s neck and he sighed at the feeling of their bond reforming. Will felt tears fall down his face as Hannibal cradled the back of his neck with his hand, and struck the alpha’s neck hard with his own bite. He felt Hannibal’s full body shudder and bit down

harder, feeling his own slick slide down his legs. They were both panting for breath when they broke apart, and stared into each other's eyes.

"Now go to sleep."

Hannibal smiled. "As you wish."

Will sat down in the armchair beside his hospital bed, and kept watch for the next few hours. He was woken by Jack at dinner time, and let his former boss lead him to the cafeteria.

"Must've been some fight," Jack said, taking a bite of a french fry.

"Hmm?" Will asked, idly chewing on a roll.

"For him to try bond breaking. I mean it's deadly and dangerous for one, but it's also illegal. Gideon is in jail again now, and I don't know when he'll be out."

"Yeah."

"Two days of that," Jack mumbled, "For someone to go to such a huge ordeal they'd have to be really…desperate."

"He thought I didn't want to be bonded anymore. He thought...that maybe I'd be happier."

"It's not just dangerous for the alpha, either."

"I know, Jack."

“Pregnant omegas especially can….”

Will banged his hands on the table. “STOP!”

He let himself feel his bond, shaking, and knew Hannibal felt him clinging to it as well.

“It was reckless, stupid, and manipulative,” Will mumbled, staring down at his hands.

“Are you in the habit now of falling for manipulation? The omega who can get into the heads of just about anyone he wants to? The man who brought down hundreds of killers who would most alphas shake in their boots? ”

Will looked up at him and smiled. “Apparently I’m rusty.”

Jack laughed. “You love him?”

“I don’t know.”

“But you bonded.”

Will shrugged. “I was trusting my instincts.”

Jack sighed. “Is it his baby?”

“No.”

The look of surprise on Jack's face made Will feel a bit smug. Most alphas wouldn't be too keen on raising another alpha's kid, everyone knew that, and Hannibal being so completely fine with it had been one of the reasons he trusted him.

"Well then, that's...something."

"Yeah, it is."

They finished dinner in relative silence, and when Will went to go back Jack stopped him.

"We hadn't even spoken in years until today. You pretty much ran away from everything. I'm….I'm happy if you found someone you care about enough to call me for help, and I'm glad I could."

Will smiled. "So am I."

Jack patted his shoulder. "You want me to stay?"

"No, it's fine. I...I have a lot of thinking to do tonight."

"He's reckless," Jack said, "But if he cared enough to risk himself in order to make you happy, that's….more than something."

Will nodded and didn't say a word.

"Goodnight, Will. Don't be a stranger, ok?"

He found he couldn't talk, and Jack patted his shoulder again nodding before he left. The walk back to Hannibal's hospital room was a somber one, and Will already had tears on his

face when he got inside. Hannibal was awake, and Will knew he'd felt his emotions through their bond.

" *Will*... ."

"I'll kill you if you even think of making any decisions like that again without me," he said, his voice shaking, "If you….you had no idea what would happen with Matt and you left me there. But you thought I was strong enough to withstand it. I don't….fuck you're an asshole."

"I'm sorry, Mylimasis."

"Don't call me that," Will said, covering his mouth as a sob rose up, "Don't."

Hannibal nodded, and he saw a tear fall down his left eye. "I apologize."

"I'm not," Will took a deep breath, "I'm not going anywhere. But I'm not yours, not right now."

"If there is any way to…."

"I told you to figure it out," Will whispered, taking his hand, "Alphas are supposed to be smarter than omegas, right?"

"Will...the things in that file…"

"Were what you thought just a few days ago," Will said, squeezing his hand, "And now?"

"You came out of that house without a scratch on you. How did that happen?"

Will's hand came to his belly just thinking about Matt, and the things he'd done.

"I was quick witted," he said, smirking, "I punched him in the face and teased him that he couldn't touch me or I'd lose the baby. He wanted to, I knew he did, but he wanted the baby more."

"I can still taste him on my tongue."

"What did he taste like?" Will whispered, moving in closer.

"Fear," Hannibal said, moving his other hand to cover Will's.

"When you came in…."

"I went to you," Hannibal mumbled, his eyes growing heavy, "I….I needed to go to you."

"Hannibal…."

"Not letting time bring us together will forever be my worst mistake."

Will reached up to touch his cheek. "Sleep. I'm not going anywhere."

Hannibal squeezed his hand again. "Will…."

"Shhh."

He watched him fall asleep, and the distress started to disappear the longer he let himself relax. This could quite possibly be Will's worst mistake, staying and renewing their bond, but he didn't want to be anywhere else.

Will felt another kick from deep within and smiled staring down at his belly. "I think I got the short end of the stick here, baby. Didn't I?"

Another kick came in response and Will blinked back tears.

"But I'm not going anywhere."

Chapter 4

Hannibal was in the hospital for four days, and put on leave from work for another two. He was the model patient when they got back to the house, letting Will take control of meals and everything else while they still slept in separate beds.

Will had insisted on that, still not ready, and Hannibal didn't fight him.

"I await the day when you trust me again."

"You might be waiting awhile."

"Yes, I suppose so."

He made arrangements to move the rest of his things to the house, using Hannibal's money at his insistence, and life went on.

Hannibal went back to work that following Monday, hesitant to leave, but Will promised he'd allow him to examine him in a few days again if he did.

"A full exam," Will sighed, "With all the tests, and all….the other stuff."

He squeezed Will's hand and smiled. "Thank you."

The house felt emptier without him in it, much to Will's annoyance, and he started to buy more things in preparation for the baby's arrival. Hannibal wanted to buy them, but Will insisted on doing that himself with his own money.

He'd been saving it for long enough, and it wasn't like he'd be using it for anything else.

Hannibal got home early, only four minutes before a knock came at the door and the movers arrived. Will knew the timing was not coincidental, but said nothing, and still moved his things to the other bedroom while putting the rest in the garage.

He let Hannibal help him unpack, despite the tension as the alpha seemed forlorn that Will was making the guest bedroom his own, and forgot that some of his things might raise questions.

"A dog collar?"

Will froze. "You can throw that away."

"I wasn't aware you had any pets."

"Throw it away, please."

He ignored the stab of upset that thinking about the collar caused, and continued on emptying things where he could. Hannibal's scent helped as annoying as that was, and soon he started to grow tired.

"Will."

"I'm almost done."

Will felt Hannibal's hand on his arm, and stopped to look at him. He looked worried, and a little tired himself. "Take a break. It's not going anywhere."

He nodded and went to the bed to lie down. Hannibal watched him, looking like he wanted to come near, and Will rolled away. He heard the door close and closed his eyes.

The memories of the dog collar filled his head so fast he couldn't relax and turned onto his back to stare at the ceiling. He grabbed for their bond and squeezed, hating that he needed to but soon Hannibal came back inside. Will leaned against Hannibal when he laid down, and closed his eyes as they held hands.

"His name was Buster," Will whispered, "He was my Dad's. I took him in after and he started to feel like mine. It was only a few months but...he felt like mine. I only looked away for a second and he...the car drove away and I….I couldn't do anything. I always wanted to get another dog, but just like every other outdated law omegas can't. Not without an alpha."

Hannibal sighed. "Omegan restriction laws have always bothered me. Ownership of anything non essential should be easy for anyone to obtain no matter what it may be."

"Even though we aren't as smart as you alphas?"

He breathed in Will's scent close and Will shivered. "I apologized for that."

"I know," Will sighed, leaning back against him.

"Then why bring that up again."

"It's called teasing," Will laughed, "Some people tease the people they like the most. You'd better get used to it. Maybe now that I'm around you'll finally be put down a few pegs."

"You feel I need to be?"

"You know you do," Will teased, "You're a little bit too full of yourself. It's one of your best and worst traits."

“Why best?”

“If you weren’t so full of yourself you wouldn’t have felt so confident in killing Matt.”

“I have every confidence that you would’ve gotten the upper hand with him. I’m sure that once you realized he was not pregnant there were ways you thought of killing him.”

Will sighed. “A few.”

“Such as?”

“Smothering,” Will whispered, squeezing their fingers together, “While he was asleep when he...wouldn’t fight.”

Hannibal’s hand came to Will’s belly and he didn’t flinch when he touched him there. “To protect your daughter.”

Will put his hand over Hannibal’s. “ *Our* daughter.”

He heard Hannibal’s breath hitch and his emotions were all tangled up in their bond. “ *Will* .”

“You wrote that you came to think of her as yours.”

“I did,” he whispered, “I just was no longer sure you wanted me to think that way.”

“I’m mad at you,” Will sighed, “But I’m still here.”

“Against your better judgement.”

“And Jack Crawford’s.”

“What does the FBI have to do with this?”

“You know who Jack Crawford is but didn’t know who I was?”

“No, I confess I never...I was quite lost in how I felt around you. The whole of your past was not my priority. Jack Crawford was searching for The Chesapeake Ripper, and anyone around him was not my concern.”

“Sloppy, Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal smiled against his cheek. “You worked for Jack Crawford.”

“I looked into monsters for him.”

“But you do not any longer.”

“It got to be too much for me,” Will mumbled, falling back against him more, “I retired and decided I wanted to do something else.”

“What did you do?”

“Fished,” Will said, smiling, “I read books, made lures, and played guitar.”

“You didn’t work?”

“I don’t have to,” Will looked at him, “I never spent much of anything while I worked for the FBI and then my father died leaving me a pretty big life insurance policy. And now I have you, don’t I?”

Hannibal’s gaze went right to his lips and Will turned away, hating the slick that went down his back legs at the idea of kissing him. “Yes, you do.”

“I’m grateful that Jack helped you find me.”

He squeezed their hands together again. “So am I.”

Will felt his whole body relax as Hannibal’s arms tightened around him and he soon fell right to sleep. He woke up hours later to the smell of food, and found his way to the kitchen where Hannibal was in the midst of cooking. Will watched him, admiring every movement of the alpha’s body, and it took only a few seconds for Hannibal to stop to smile at him.

“Feeling rested?”

“Yeah,” he sighed, “I think I overdid it a little.”

“Just a bit, yes,” Hannibal agreed, returning to the meat he was seasoning, “Though I am glad you took the rest you needed.”

“Just because I’m pregnant….”

He looked up at Will and frowned. “Anyone would be tired trying to empty out their whole life in one day, Will. Pregnant or not. I didn't mean that as an insult.”

Will sighed. “I’m just….”

“Unsettled?”

“Yeah,” Will murmured, moving to lean on the counter.

He kept himself close enough to smell his alpha’s scent, but far enough that they didn’t touch.

“I feel the same,” Hannibal confessed, covering a dish that he walked over to the oven, “The bond may be intact but it still feels incomplete.”

“I’m not letting you fuck me,” Will spit back, his lip curling, “If this is another way to---”

Hannibal closed the oven, turned, and leaned against the silver appliance. “I will never betray your trust again, nor will I lie to you. My thoughts on our bond were merely an observation, nothing more.”

They stood there in relative silence for what felt like eons until Will spoke again.

“What happens if it stays this way?”

“Bonds don’t fade easily,” Hannibal sighed, moving toward him, “But their strength is in the connection’s constant flow. Things like touch, taste, and just….positive emotions….can make even the weakest bond so strong that no one can ever break the connection.”

He leaned beside Will against the counter then, their fingers close enough to touch, and breathed in Will’s scent again. Will couldn’t resist how close he was and their fingers brushed, making him shiver. “I don’t know how I can….forgive you.”

“I know, Myl….Will. I am not asking you to even try at the moment. Letting me comfort you until you slept was... *everything* .”

Will felt the baby kick and took Hannibal’s hand to put it on his belly. “She likes this.”

“That seems to be so.”

He entwined their fingers, shaking, and hated the tears that came to his eyes.

“How was work?”

“The same as always,” Hannibal said softly, “I was around many omegas and none of them were the one I wanted to be with the most.”

“ *Hannibal…* ”

“Would it make you feel better to…. *hurt* me?”

Will recoiled, moving away. “No! Why would I even...no!”

“I am desperate to make right my mistake, Will. *Please* .”

Hannibal moved toward him again and Will backed away. “I DON’T KNOW! Ok? I DON’T KNOW!”

He rushed out of the kitchen and felt so sick he ran right to the bathroom down the hall to throw up. Tears fell down his face as he felt Hannibal’s pain mixed with his own, and hated how much he didn’t want to shut him out again.

Will felt Hannibal's hands rub his shoulders as everything came out of him, and when he was done looked up at the alpha in tears. "I don't know."

Hannibal touched his cheek. "I will not push you," he whispered, "I'm sorry."

"I just…."

He took Hannibal's offered hand and let the Alpha help him up, coming so close again he was lost in Hannibal's scent. "Dinner will be done shortly, but perhaps you're no longer hungry?"

"My stomach is empty and I'm eating for two," Will joked, "I'm plenty hungry."

Hannibal squeezed his hand.

"There are toothbrushes in the medicine cabinet and other dental hygiene related items. I will leave you to them."

Will felt an odd twinge of annoyance. "You have a bunch of brand new toothbrushes in your cabinets?"

"Yes, it's..."

He pulled open the cabinet and there were four brand new toothbrushes just sitting there. Hannibal didn't even sleep down here so why did he have toothbrushes in this cabinet?

"...for all the one night stands that need to brush their teeth?" Will snapped, grabbing one.

“No, they are merely for guests.”

“Guests you have sex with.”

“Will…”

Will’s lip curled as he glared at him. “ *What* ?”

Hannibal smiled. “I won’t pretend I’m not pleased at this display of jealousy so soon, but as I have tried to tell you the extras are for guests. I’ve never used them before now, I promise you.”

Will grabbed the toothpaste, still glaring as he let it go over the brush, and then put it in his mouth. His mouth ached to bite Hannibal’s mark as he brushed his teeth, almost hissing as he thought about all the people Hannibal had been with. He was a successful doctor, Will knew there had to have been plenty, and the very idea that they’d been in Hannibal’s bed made him want to tear them apart.

He spit out the toothpaste and Hannibal handed him a cup of water. “Will, I can feel your distress.”

Will gargled and spit into the sink. “ *Obviously* .”

“I haven’t exactly been chaste before I met you.”

He slammed the plastic cup down on the edge of the sink and heard the plastic crack. “Have they been in the bed upstairs?”

Hannibal paused. “Some.”

Will huffed. “I will *never* sleep with you in that bed again. Not if---”

“I will look for another tomorrow.”

He blinked. “Just like that?”

Hannibal put a finger under his chin. “Just like that,” he whispered, “Whatever you desire, Will.”

“I don’t want you to sleep there tonight.”

He felt Hannibal’s happiness through their bond. “Where am I to sleep?”

“Anywhere else, I don’t know.”

The immediate disappointment that flowed through their bond made Will feel bad but he didn’t try to fix when Hannibal moved away from him. “There is a couch in the study, I will sleep there.”

Will’s stomach growled and he blushed. “Sorry, I just don’t….I don’t like the idea of you….”

“I want you to be happy, Will. If this will make you happy then that is what I will do.”

“It will.”

Hannibal smiled. “Now I will go finish dinner. If you’d like to search for a new bed while you wait there is a tablet in the study.”

“I have one upstairs, I can go get that.”

“There is nothing worse for you to find in the tablet than what you already have in my physical files, Will. Please.”

Will nodded. “Okay.”

They parted ways without another word. Will felt a stab of distress at entering the study again but went to the desk finding the tablet plugged in beside the stack of folders. Hannibal did not have the screen locked and he smiled to see the last thing he’d searched.

How to regain an omega’s trust

The search history was mostly filled with Omegazine articles that meant absolutely nothing but he felt warm just thinking about Hannibal sitting at this desk hoping to gain his trust again. He opened a new tab and searched ‘Expensive King Sized Beds’ and went through pages for the next fifteen minutes. Most of them weren’t his style but he knew Hannibal would like them and as long as the mattress was soft he didn’t mind.

Will ignored the fact that by searching this he’d already given Hannibal the knowledge that he’d eventually sleep in a bed with him again. Just because he might share a bed with him again didn’t mean he would anytime soon and they both knew something really big would have to happen to get him there.

He was lost in his search so much that he didn’t even notice Hannibal in the doorway until the alpha spoke.

“Dinner is served.”

“Oh!” he said, a bit too loud, “I didn’t hear you.”

“It’s alright,” Hannibal said softly, coming closer, “Have you found anything to your liking?”

“A few.”

“Good,” he said, holding out his hand, “Bring the tablet along so we can look at them together.”

Will smiled and took his hand, walking alongside him as they left the study.. “I appreciate you not teasing me about this.”

“Teasing?”

“The jealousy.”

Hannibal squeezed his hand. “I find myself rather enjoying your possessive side.”

Will felt his cheeks redden a little but still smiled. “You *would* .”

“We are alike, you and I.”

“We’ve both murdered people to get what we want, so yeah I guess we are.”

“We both know that is not what I meant, Will. We both are...”

They entered the dining room and Will gasped at the sight of the table. Hannibal had pulled out all the stops with silver covered plates as far as the eye could see. He had candelabras, flowers, and a tablecloth that looked like it cost more than Will’s car.

“ *Wow* .”

“You like the table settings?”

“It’s,” Will whispered, running his fingers over the edge of the cloth, “Beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

“Whatever is under all those silver covers smells really good. Steak?”

“A roast of a sort,” Hannibal said, pulling out his chair.

Will looked at him oddly as he sat down, and his gaze followed Hannibal until he was beside him. “Of a sort?”

Hannibal smiled and lifted the cover off a large dish in between them. “I did tell you I would never lie to you again, did I not?”

He looked at the roast, browned and seasoned to perfection, then at Hannibal who seemed oddly self conscious. “You eat them?”

“Yes,” Hannibal murmured, cutting the first slice, “And I had thought it best to….”

“All of them?”

“Not all of them make it to my table, no, as even I have standards.”

Will laughed. “You…” he put his hand over the one Hannibal used to hold the knife, “...you’re the Chesapeake Ripper.”

He felt Hannibal tense and their bond seemed to be so frozen that Will felt oddly bereft like it was gone again.

“Yes.”

“Hannibal, I’m not….hey,” he put his hand over Hannibal’s on the knife handle, “...I’m not laughing at you.”

“You seem to be.”

“No, I’m...it’s just....the FBI is obsessed with finding the Ripper and...I guess I beat them to it? It just made me laugh.”

Hannibal relaxed at once, and looked at him with a frown. “You are not upset?”

“No,” he whispered, moving the knife to the meat again, “I’m...happy you told me. I just thought you were the run of the mill serial killer but now, “ he cut a large thick slice, “I know my Alpha is the deadliest of them all.”

“Will…”

“I’m starving, Alpha,” he said, looking at Hannibal, “Feed me?”

Hannibal’s intaked breath made Will’s heart beat faster. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah,” he said, leaning forward, “I’m sure.”

The Art of Courting was divided into three sections: hunt, gather, bond. They’d sort of skipped the first two already, but Will felt an overwhelming need to have Hannibal feed him who he’d hunted. He had a strong alpha, stronger than most, and the very thought fed into Will’s baser instincts. The slick that gathered in his hole made him squirm, and as he watched Hannibal cut the meat he licked his lips.

“There are also carrots glazed with honey and topped with….”

“I don’t care,” Will sighed, struck by the urge to purr, “I... just need you to feed me.”

Hannibal moved to stab the meat with a fork and Will knocked the utensil across the table. “Your hands,” he said thickly, “I want you to use your hands.”

He locked eyes with Hannibal and the heated gaze the alpha locked on him made Will weak.

“As you wish.”

Will purred when Hannibal’s fingers touched the edge of his mouth, and his eyes closed when his tongue tasted the perfect meat. “Mmm….”

“How does the meat taste?”

He ran his tongue over the edge of his lips. “Like honey,” he sighed, opening his eyes as he looked at Hannibal “And….a scared little cow who should’ve run faster.”

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled, “He should’ve.”

They shared a long look at each other, the heat rising between them, and Will resisted the urge to give into what he was feeling. This was too soon, he knew that, but every minute they spent close now that they were bonded made the want harder to fight.

Will ran a hand over his face and tried to calm himself down. “I gotta slow myself down. There’s still the carrots and whatever those little swirly muffins are left.”

“They’re biscuits.”

He blushed. “Oops.”

Hannibal moved to take Will’s fork from him, and stabbed the next piece of meat before he held it up for Will’s view. “I think perhaps utensils are best.”

“Yeah,” Will said, his voice shaking, “I just….”

“I understand.”

The rest of dinner they took turns eating, which was just as arousing as the feeding had been, and Will still found himself aching with slick by the time he had a biscuit in his hand. Hannibal didn’t even try to feed the swirly biscuit to him, and they instead looked at the beds Will liked before settling on the fanciest one. He loved the red oak headboard, and Hannibal seemed happy at the intricate carvings, so that was that. Dessert was a mango tart, and the baby kicked when Hannibal fed him the first bite so Will took that to mean she liked the taste just as much as he did.

The closeness they’d felt throughout dinner made Will not want to leave for bed when they both were finished. He tried but failed to get Hannibal to let him help with dishes.

“There’s no need,” he said, looking anywhere but at Will as he gathered plates, “It’s getting late, and I would prefer a distraction at the moment.”

Will breathed in Hannibal's scent and more slick slid down the back of his thighs at the alpha's aroused pheromones. "Oh," he sighed, "Goodnight then."

"Goodnight, Will."

He forced himself to leave the dining room and practically ran up the stairs. The top floor felt cold as he went to his room alone. His easy sleep with Hannibal this afternoon didn't even seem possible as he dressed down to his boxers. He laid down, pulled the blanket up, and squeezed his eyes shut tight as he tried to force sleep.

Will rolled onto his side, back, stomach, and then his side again many times before he settled on his back again. He checked the clock by his bed.

Midnight.

How long had he been trying to sleep? Five minutes? Twenty?

He closed his eyes again and imagined Hannibal beside him. The ease that gave him made him settle more even though he still felt like something was missing.

This would be fine.

It had to be.

Chapter 5

The days went by quicker than Will expected before the bed came. The headboard was every bit as grandiose and beautiful as the pictures when assembled, and the nights that followed became even harder for Will as he imagined Hannibal lying in that huge empty bed in the dark while Will was only a few feet away. He wasn't ready, he knew he wasn't, but the longer he was away from his mate the harder it seemed to keep going without the reconnection.

They shared meals, talked more, but Will didn't ask for any closeness other than that even though their bond cried out for everything he wasn't ready to give. The day of his promised appointment day finally came and Will was so desperate for Hannibal's touch he was vibrating with need the minute he walked into the exam room.

It felt like forever since he'd last been there, but in reality had been only a little over three weeks. The last time was just shortly before Matt took him, and he remembered Hannibal's touch had felt like a brand even through the gloves. He sat in the office almost shaking, desperate for an excuse to let his alpha touch him, and when Hannibal came in Will knew his scent had to be overwhelming.

Hannibal paused at the door, his nostrils flaring, and closed the door but didn't move toward Will. "Will, I apologize but...I think perhaps today is not the day for this."

Will shook his head, the rough touch of the hospital gown as he moved scratching his skin, and opened his legs. "Yes, it is."

"Will…"

" *Please.* "

Hannibal came close, set down his chart, and pulled up a chair. He put his hand on Will's cheek, and Will could smell his arousal so clearly he purred. "You are so beautiful."

“I’m not ready,” Will sighed, feeling warm, “But I need... *we* need this.”

“All you had to do was ask me at home,” he whispered, his fingers brushing Will’s skin, “I would never ask for reciprocation.”

Will’s eyes shined with unshed tears. “I...I need the excuse. I just….”

Hannibal nodded. “As you wish.”

He watched Hannibal turn around and make a grab for a pair of gloves but Will’s hand shot out to grasp his shoulder hard. “ *Don’t* ,” Will hissed, “I want...I need to feel your hands.”

Will watched Hannibal close his eyes before he took another deep breath. “You are making this very difficult.”

He scoffed. “ *You* did this, not me. Remember?”

Hannibal turned to look at him again and the sadness he permeated through their bond dulled Will’s need only just enough for him not to gush out more slick again. “I remember.”

The first touch came when Hannibal pressed a finger inside him, and Will bit his tongue to keep from crying out. “You are not yet dilated,” he said hoarsely, his voice shaking, “Very good. The next few weeks will….be fine.”

He pressed in another finger and Will put a hand over his mouth, shaking as he felt his orgasm building already. “You are unnaturally slick for so far along in the pregnancy,” Hannibal growled, “As if you’re wanting for something else.”

Will shivered when he pulled both fingers out, running his warm hands up the insides of Will’s thighs. He’d never come without being knotted before, not even alone with a fake one, but felt so close to the brink he thought he might. “You’re trembling, Will,” Hannibal

whispered, “Are you cold?”

He shook his head.

“Do you need something from me, Mylimasis?”

Will could feel their bond humming between them as he lowered the hand from his mouth. He let out a long breath and felt a bead of sweat fall down his forehead. “Touch me?”

Hannibal wrapped one hand around Will’s cock and he hissed, arching up to meet the touch.

“I missed this,” Hannibal whispered, standing now and pressing his cheek against Will’s, “Smelling your want and giving you what you need. I’ve only had the chance to experience it one time and I’ve...so desperately regretted that.”

Will’s orgasm came at the first stroke of Hannibal’s hand and he spilled all over the hospital gown, biting his lip so hard he tasted blood to block out his moans. Hannibal held onto his softening cock longer than was necessary after, and licking his fingers as he listened to Will’s blissful purring.

“I think your pregnancy is progressing at a normal pace,” he assured him, “Though I would like to do an ultrasound. You promised me all the tests I wanted, if you recall.”

He nodded, barely able to speak.

“Can you move to lift up your gown?”

Will felt like he was floating on water, and shook his head as Hannibal did things for him.

“You’re familiar with the procedure as you’ve had them before, but I believe my voice may bring you out of your current state so I will continue to speak,” Hannibal said, spreading the jelly across Will’s belly, “You will experience a bit of chill and I apologize for the coldness.”

He barely felt anything at all but stared at his alpha feeling the hum between them grow. The minute he felt the brush of the wand and Hannibal moved the machine over, Will’s mind started to clear.

His daughter was there, clearer now, and Will grabbed Hannibal’s hand tightly.

“She has your nose,” Hannibal whispered, squeezing their hands, “You see it?”

“Yeah,” Will said, his throat hoarse, “I....”

“She could come any day now, or weeks,” Hannibal said, “It’s very rare for first omegan pregnancies to go a full term, but I’ve had some last all the way and often past due dates. Though not many are as sure as you are on the date of conception.”

Will felt a kick and smiled as a tear fell down his face. “I think she’s ready to come out.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, leaning over to kiss his cheek, “I think so as well. Would you like a picture?”

“Yeah.”

He printed a few, though Will thought they all looked the same, and handed Will the prints before turning things off. Will sat up, and the stickiness of his come against the gown made him blush.

“I will take that home with me, Will. No one will know.”

“It smells like an orgy in here,” Will mumbled, “They’ll know.”

“None of my nurses will say a word. They quite like you, and will be more than thrilled to know we’ve mated.”

Will frowned. “You didn’t tell anyone?”

“I wasn’t sure you wanted me to announce it?”

He felt that odd bit of jealousy again and reached for Hannibal’s mating mark. “So all the pregnant omegas that come in here all think you’re single. Even the unmated ones?”

“There are very few unmated pregnant…”

“Answer me.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, shivering as Will pinched his mark, “I suppose so, though if they took the time to smell the changes to my scent they would know otherwise.”

“Omegas can’t smell that unless they’re close to you. You have to tell them. Maybe we need to get rings.”

Hannibal smiled. “Will, I assure you that no one is going to take me from you.”

Will stood, took off his gown, and Hannibal handed him a wipe to clean off his belly. He felt the alpha’s eyes on him as he dressed, but had an urge to be seen by him.

“You don’t know that.”

“I do,” Hannibal said, handing him his boxer shorts, “Because I will never attempt to break our bond again and suspect you will not either.”

Will stopped to look up after pulling on his jeans, and their bond hummed with Hannibal’s feelings. “No, I won’t. Sorry I just...I don’t know why I’m like this.”

Hannibal gave him his shirt, and smoothed down the fabric when Will pulled the tee on again. He put his hands on Will’s hips and pulled him in closer, breathing in the scent. “You’re beginning to feel positively about me again, and I’m quite happy to know. I’m a sense of protection for you, despite my failing to consider just what may have happened with Mr. Brown.”

“Have you ever felt anything like this before?” Will asked, staring down at him, “Any feelings at all?”

“I’ve spent most of my life caring very little for other people. This is all quite new to me.”

“Me too,” Will admitted, putting his hands over Hannibal’s on his hips, “But I still know most people are assholes. I mean, I know you’re an asshole too but you’re mine. I know that.”

“Will.”

Will moved away from him, and stepped into his shoes. Hannibal said nothing until he looked up again, and Will had an overwhelming urge to kiss him.

But he didn’t.

“I’ll see you at home.”

“Yes, I...look forward to it.”

He blushed and hurried down the hall to go back out to the lobby. There were two omegas there, both alone, and Will felt an urge to announce to the room Hannibal was mated but instead went right to the bathroom to calm himself down. He splashed water across his face, took a deep breath, and his hands shook as he walked back out to the front desk.

The billing assistant waved away Will’s insurance card when he came up and smiled.

“Dr. Lecter refused to let me process your payment, Mister Graham. It’s sort of unethical for him to charge his mate now, isn’t it?”

Will smiled. “I guess so.”

“We were all rooting for you, you know,” she said, “He always got really excited when you were about to come in and all the nurses….”

“Thanks,” Will mumbled, blushing now, “I’m gonna….go.”

“We’ll make sure he gets finished early again!”

The omegas in the waiting room all glared at him as he left, and Will’s mouth hurt from smiling so much but he didn’t care. Hannibal had listened to him, and now he felt more worry melt away as he headed to his car. Will drove home still so happy his stomach didn’t start growling till mid-afternoon.

Hannibal wouldn’t be home till after five but he usually left Will some things to eat during the day so he had some avocado pasta and an orange mango salad. He was worn out an hour later and decided to take a nap.

“Will.”

He buried his face into the pillow and mumbled, “Five more minutes.”

“It’s after six p.m.,” Hannibal whispered, “And dinner is ready.”

Will lifted his head and saw Hannibal standing in the doorway too far from where he should be.

“Why are you so far away?”

“You are not in the bedroom you’ve been sleeping in for the past seven days.”

He sat up, wiped his hands across his face, and headed to the bathroom.

This was obviously the extra large bathroom that was attached to Hannibal’s room, not his. He’d for some reason fallen asleep in the new bed and not his own. Will sighed, shaking his head, and followed the light out into the hallway.

“I don’t know how I picked the wrong room.”

“It’s been an eventful day,” Hannibal said, walking beside him, “And you were looking for a comfortable rest.”

“I guess.”

“I’ve prepared something I hope you’ll like for dinner this evening. It’s my first time preparing this recipe but I hope I’ve done it justice.”

Will smiled. “You’re feeling self conscious about a recipe? Now I’m intrigued.”

They descended the stairs together, holding hands, and the minute Will got to the last stair he paused. “Will?”

“Catfish?,” he said, turning to stare at Hannibal in surprise, “You cooked me catfish?”

Hannibal smiled and looked away with a slight blush to his cheeks. “You told me you used to fish quite often at your home and I thought perhaps you missed the taste. If you don’t like my recipe the catfish rests on a bed of sauteed spinach and has been soaked in pecan meuniere. I’m told it’s quite delicious.”

Will’s heart beat wildly in his chest as he squeezed Hannibal’s hand tighter. “No, I... *thank you.* I didn’t...I mean we’ve mostly had vegetables and whoever you wanted to feed me. I didn’t expect anything else.”

“I’m happy I could surprise you.”

He had another overwhelming urge to kiss Hannibal and fall into the alpha’s arms but held himself back as they headed for the dining room. The table wasn’t as elaborate as normal and Will knew that was for him too. Hannibal pulled out his seat and he held in the purr that threatened to escape even before Hannibal took the cover of his plate.

“Baked catfish pecan meuniere resting in a sauteed spinach bed.”

Will took a deep breath. “This smells great.”

Hannibal’s smile widened as he sat down beside him. “I hope you like it.”

He took a chunk of fish and brought the fork to his mouth, moaning as the taste hit his tongue.

“God,” Will purred,licking his lips, “This is amazing.”

“I’m happy to hear that. I wanted to make something that reminded you of home.”

Will took another forkful and wrapped the fish in some spinach, chewing without care as Hannibal didn’t even move to taste his first bite. “Thank you, *Alpha* .”

He could feel Hannibal’s happiness that he liked the food through their bond and pushed his own right back at him. They got closer throughout dinner, hands brushing and scents permeating the air, and by the time Hannibal laid a piece of pecan pie in front of him Will felt contentment right down to the tips of his toes.

“I’m not so easily swayed by food.”

Hannibal’s fingers brushed the edge of his wrist. “I did not make all of this to coerce you into feeling content beside me. I wished to continue the positive reactions from the office, I did not lie when I said I would no longer lie to you. I wanted to see you smile, to hear your purr, I....”

Will blinked back tears. “I’m still not....but thank you, for this.”

He didn’t move away when Hannibal kissed the top of his hand, and shivered at the look in the alpha’s eyes. “You’re welcome.”

“I can help clean up.”

“No need.”

“I want to.”

Hannibal nodded and together they took the plates into the kitchen where they washed them by hand one by one. Every brush of Hannibal’s body against his own made Will’s need rise but he still resisted, and they shared looks instead of kisses. He took Hannibal’s hand and squeezed it before he left the kitchen unable to say even goodnight.

A week had passed and all he wanted was to fall into the good feelings Hannibal brought out but he’d been burned before. There was so little that wasn’t a game to his alpha, no matter what flowery prose came from his lips, and as much as Will wanted to believe him the doubt still lingered.

He paused at the top of the stairs and stared forlorn toward Hannibal’s bedroom. Hannibal would welcome Will back into his bed, he knew that, but still he turned back to the guest room. The shower was a welcome escape, and Will resisted the urge to touch himself as he bathed. Any attempts to get himself off wouldn’t be enough, couldn’t be, and despite his need he climbed into bed unsated.

And alone.

Will rolled around for the next few hours as he tried to get comfortable, to feel that same contentment he’d had through dinner, but couldn’t find that same comfort. He didn’t check to see how long he’d been fighting sleep when he climbed out of bed in the dark. The hallway was dimly lit but Will didn’t need to see to know where he was going. Hannibal’s scent got stronger the closer he was to the open bedroom door, and when he pulled back the comforter his purr echoed throughout the room.

“Will? What’s…?”

Will’s eyes started to close the minute he laid down, and he knew Hannibal wasn’t going to move until he spoke.

“Please.”

Hannibal’s arms came around him immediately, and a kiss to his mark made Will shiver.

“Mylim...I….”

“You can say it,” Will whispered, his voice so quiet he hated the weakness, “I...I want to hear you say it.”

“ *Mylimasis* .”

He purred, rubbed his cheek against Hannibal’s, and grabbed the hand around his waist.

“Sleep,” Will sighed, “This is just for sleep.”

“Of course.”

“Goodnight, Hannibal,” he purred, “Thank you for today.”

“Goodnight, Will. I...thank you for....”

Will didn’t hear the rest of what Hannibal said.

He was already asleep.

Chapter 6

The next two weeks were both wonderfully calm and horribly domestic.

Will hadn't expected to like cohabitating with someone else, or to be an omega who grew comforted by the scent of his alpha but he was apparently as much a slave to his instincts as everyone else. He found himself anticipating Hannibal's return from the office, touching the alpha for hours after he came home, and being clingy even after bed. Neither of them commented on their growing arousal as the days progressed, or Will's possessiveness around anyone who he thought of as a threat.

Hannibal had taken to changing his clothes when he left the office to keep the scent of any omegas he'd examined away from Will. He had zero problem with doing so, and Will rewarded Hannibal with putting his own clothes in the empty dresser he'd left behind so many weeks ago.

They spent every night after dinner doing the dishes together, and until bed were on the couch reading in each other's arms. Will often fell asleep in Hannibal's lap, content and purring, and woke knowing he'd been carried in the alpha's arms to bed.

Will was happy.

Probably too happy.

Which was why it was such a shock the end of that second week to have their bliss cut short.

Will's cravings had begun to get more specific now, and his morning sickness was still next to never. Hannibal's attempts at copycat recipes were never enough and that was why he accompanied him early that Friday evening to the expensive grocery store.

His belly was big enough that people gave him that happy look when he passed by them in aisles, and he hated the feeling. Hannibal kept close, never not touching, and that was the

only thing that kept him from screaming at them not to stare.

“You can sit in the car if you’d like,” Hannibal whispered, kissing his cheek.

“No, I’m fine.”

“You’re certain?”

“Yeah, I...I’m gonna go see if they have any Rice Krispies in this fancy place.”

“I can accompany you.”

Hannibal moved to turn the cart but Will put a hand over his on the handle. “I’m fine,” he lied, “I’ll meet you by the deli counter with all the twenty dollar a pound ham.”

He smiled at Will. “It’s not all twenty dollars.”

“We’ll see.”

Will left him still smiling, and found the cereal that was all fancy shit but one called “Crisped Rice” seemed close enough. The box was of course not on the bottom shelf and only the top. He leaned up and his fingers just barely brushed the box. He sighed, frustrated, and was about to try again when an unfamiliar alpha scent came out of nowhere.

“I’ll get it!”

He tried to move away and avoid the alpha’s even accidental touch but the stranger trapped him against the cereal. Will hated the scent of another alpha so close, and the alpha brushed against his side before whispering in his ear. “Here you go, beautiful.”

Will almost didn't want to take the box from him but did anyway. "Thank you."

"You have to be careful," he said silkily, fixing his tie and seeming to show off his expensive suit, "You don't want anything to happen to the little one."

He stepped back and glared at him. "I'm pregnant, not helpless."

The alpha's eyes narrowed as he whispered, "You should thank someone when they help you, you know. Or are you one of those omega bitches who think you aren't just begging for a knot?"

Will dropped the cereal box on the ground. "You wish."

He started to walk away when the alpha grabbed his shoulder. "No, you aren't going to just…."

Will growled as he turned around, and punched the alpha even before he could finish.

"DON'T TOUCH ME!"

He felt Hannibal's arms come around him from behind and whimpered, hating the weakness.

"Let me go," he said, tears in his eyes, "Let me…"

Hannibal whispered in his ear. "The things we want to do to him are best kept from prying eyes, Mylimasis."

The alpha jumped up and rushed for them but staff appeared out of nowhere holding him back.

There was one lone worker that came over to them. “I think it’s best if you buy your things and go.”

“Gladly,” Will hissed, “I’m never coming back to this place again. Not if you let assholes like that in here.”

Hannibal didn’t let go of him until they moved to get into the car, and the entire drive home held Will’s hand. He was still shaking when they got home, and he didn’t say a word as he went to shower.

The scent of that alpha lingered on his clothes, in his nostrils, and seemed to still even after he scrubbed himself all over.

Will’s hands shook as he dressed, and when he found Hannibal in the study he went right to him. “You don’t know who he was. You lied to get me to leave.”

He felt Hannibal’s anger suddenly thrum to life between them and froze.

“I have told you time and time again that I would not lie to you.”

“But you…”

“I have spent years finding and chasing those I felt unworthy of life, Will. This alpha goes to that upscale grocer, and it would not take long to find him again. Vengeance does not have to happen immediately. I would follow him from the store in a few days time to his home, break inside, and skin him piece by piece. I would not cook the skin, or feed you even a part of him as he is not worthy of being inside you. Just as Matthew wasn’t. You….”

Will cut off his gruesome honied words with a kiss, hands on Hannibal's cheeks, and purred when he was pulled into the alpha's arms. He felt slick leaking down the back of his legs and whimpered. The need to be closer was impeded by the largeness of his pregnant belly, and he pulled his mouth back in frustration. "I want…."

" *Yes* ," Hannibal growled, "Whatever you want. *Anything* ."

He smiled. "I want a chocolate sundae," he teased, "And I want to eat the whole thing off your chest. You'll give me that?"

"Yes, of course. I only need to…"

"I'm kidding," Will laughed, "I just...I want *you* ."

"You have me," Hannibal promised, " *Always* ."

Will's fingers brushed his cheeks. "I know."

"Will, I…"

"I"ll meet you upstairs," he whispered, "Okay? Much more room for...whatever I want."

Hannibal kissed him again and Will purred, shaking as they parted. "I can wait here for you."

"Just give me a second, okay?" He felt Hannibal's mild distress at leaving him and kissed him again. "I promise I'm not gonna change my mind."

"Even if you do, I will not hold it against you."

Will smiled. “I won’t.”

He got off Hannibal’s lap, scented his cheeks before they parted, and let himself take a deep breath alone.

Three weeks he’d held off giving into how much he wanted Hannibal, needed him, and this felt right.

Will put a hand on his belly and smiled down. “Is this the right choice, Darlin’?”

The baby didn’t kick him this time, probably sick of him using her to make his decisions, and Will let himself trust his instincts again.

He wanted his mate, needed this, and he knew Hannibal wouldn’t hurt him again.

Will smiled as he headed for the hallway and felt Hannibal’s happiness as well as his own thrumming between them. He was just about to turn for the stairs when all at once Hannibal’s anger tore through him and then there was nothing.

He rushed for the stairs, confused, and was at the top when he smelled the reason why.

The alpha from the store.

Will had scrubbed the scent from his body but not his memory, and as he slowly turned he spotted the alpha standing just outside their bedroom. The man’s suit was disheveled and messy, but was the same one he’d worn not even an hour ago. Will knew even if he tried to rush past him and run to grab his plugged in cell phone on the bedside table there wasn’t enough time.

“There you are,” he said, smiling and spitting out blood, “You know, your alpha barely put up a fight.”

Hannibal was okay, he told himself, he had to be. Will would’ve felt their bond break if he were dead, and the connection was still there just quiet. “You got him from behind,” Will hissed, “If he’d known you were there he would’ve killed you. *Coward* .”

The alpha laughed, throwing up his hands. “You caught me, bitch! I’m not stupid enough to go after someone’s omega with them there to stop me. I can’t have any fun if they stop me.”

Will felt a sharp spike of fear that he pushed away. “If you leave now, you might make it out of here alive.”

“And miss showing you just how a good omega’s supposed to behave?” he clicked his tongue, “No way I’m missing out on that. Now, if you want to make sure the brat in your belly stays safe you’ll just head for the bedroom, take off those clothes, and present for me.”

Will laughed, looking around the hallway for something he could use for a weapon. There were pictures on the wall, too large for him to pull down, but he knew there was an expensive vase just outside his bedroom. He eyed the blue shiny decoration, then looked at the alpha again, and took off in a run.

He grabbed the vase just as the alpha’s arms tightened around him. Will grunted, pushing him back against the wall as a picture fell. He cried out in pain and Will rounded back to hit the alpha with the vase. He stumbled and Will knocked him down. The alpha rolled them over, his hand tightened around Will’s throat, and Will knocked him off with an elbow before sinking his teeth under the alpha’s chin. He tore with his teeth, tears on his face, and felt the alpha kick out at his belly.

Will didn’t stop, couldn’t stop, until the alpha stopped moving underneath him. He pushed him off with a sob, tears blurring his vision, and sat up with a groan just as he felt the bond he shared with Hannibal rush to life.

“Will!”

Hannibal ran to Will, pulled him into his arms, and held him tight as their fear echoed back between their bond. “I’m so sorry, I should’ve...I....I….I couldn’t...”

“I knew you weren’t dead,” Will whispered, “I knew.”

“Will….” he sighed, pressing his nose into Will’s neck and breathing him in, “Will….”

“He’s dead. I...I got him.”

“You did,” Hannibal praised, lifting his head to brush his fingers over Will’s neck as tears fell down his face, “You did, Mylimasis. You...you did.”

Will burst into tears, burying his face into Hannibal’s neck, and didn’t let go.

“Hannibal...I got him. I got him. I.....”

“Yes you did, Will. Shh…”

Hannibal lifted Will up into his arms and carried him to the bed. He held Will close as he called the police.

“Yes, I’m quite certain he’s dead. Yes. We will await your arrival.”

He ended the call and let the phone fall to the floor as he pulled Will even closer.

“They will be here soon,” he whispered, kissing his mark, “You’re certain you’re both alright?”

“You can check,” Will said, “I...I don’t want anyone else touching me right now.”

Hannibal laid Will down on his back and pulled his shirt up to expose his belly. He pressed down and Will felt her kick. “She’s happy you’re here.”

“Did he strike your belly?”

“Yeah, but...I think we’re okay.”

“I still would prefer you go to the hospital.”

Will reached up to touch the side of Hannibal’s head, and his fingers came away bloody.

“You’re bleeding!”

“I’m fine, Will I’m much more worried about you.”

“If I’m stuck going to the hospital so are you!”

They had to walk past the body before they could get to the stairs, and Hannibal leaned down to make sure their assailant was dead. “Dead and gone,” he whispered, looking at Will, “Your teeth…gave him what he deserved.”

Will could still taste blood in his mouth when Hannibal kissed him but clutched hard to his neck not wanting to let go. He pulled away for breath and grabbed Hannibal’s hand. “Don’t let go.”

“I will never let you go,” he said hoarsely, his eyes wet with tears, “Not now, not ever.”

They sat in the living room until the police and ambulance came, scenting and keeping close, but answered the door together. Hannibal bypassed the police questions almost immediately to head for the ambulance.

“We have both been accosted and likely injured. If you have more questions someone can follow us to the hospital.”

Will refused to get into the ambulance without Hannibal, and they laid together on the stretcher before the driver pulled away. He felt their daughter kick the whole way there and knew she was just fine, but watched as the EMTs patched up Hannibal’s wound with worry while they checked his vitals.

“I’m fine, Will,” Hannibal promised, kissing his hand as he watched them look at Will.

“They said you need stitches.”

“And they will be giving them to me when we see the doctor. I could do my own but that would require letting go of your hand and I have no plans to do that anytime soon.”

They didn’t have to wait long inside, mostly due to Will’s condition, and the ultrasound soon confirmed the baby was just fine. He watched them stitch Hannibal’s headwound after they shaved some of his hair and soon they were alone again.

One night of observation, the doctor had said, and Will didn’t plan on being more than an inch away from Hannibal the whole time.

A detective named Fischer came before visiting hours ended and asked them questions about their alpha assailant, Rodney Meere. He was a recently fired accountant who had a history of violence with omegas, which wasn’t a surprise at all.

“It will be at least twelve hours until the house is open to you again,” he said, “I’m sure the footage from the grocery store will help fill in the blanks. Thank you.”

Will looked at the bruise on his arm, and then at the young alpha. “Are you mated, Detective?”

“No.”

“Do you treat omegas with respect?”

“Always, Mr. Graham. My father was an omega, and my mother an alpha. I know how hard it is to navigate life as an omega. I know how other people treat you.”

“That’s good to hear,” Will said, squeezing Hannibal’s hand, “I hope you keep thinking that way.”

Fischer nodded. “Nothing will change that. I’m glad you both came out of this, it’s rare for that to happen. Especially for alphas like Meere.”

Will’s hand shook as he tightened his hold. “I know.”

The minute they were alone again he couldn’t help but bite into Hannibal’s mating mark. Hannibal moaned, his fingers brushing the back of Will’s neck and did the same to him. Their bond felt stronger than it had been in weeks, and Will wanted nothing more than to fall into Hannibal’s arms.

“I knew you were okay,” he whispered against his cheek, a tear sliding down his face, “Because you wouldn’t die without regaining my trust again.”

“No, I would not.”

“And I could still feel you through our bond. I could…feel you so I knew I had to stop him.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek. “The minute I woke and felt your distress I was ready to die saving you both. Will, I….I’m so sorry. I...I need to tell you that I....”

“Don’t,” Will whispered, lifting his head, “Not here. Not now.”

Hannibal pulled him close and rested their foreheads together. “I won’t.”

“Let’s just sleep.”

He hated when Hannibal got up to maneuver himself behind him, but the minute the alpha’s arms came around his waist Will’s eyes were heavy. Hannibal kissed Will’s mark, nuzzled his neck, and sighed.

“What I wouldn’t give to have seen you,” he whispered, “Tearing into his flesh.”

Will wiggled against him and smiled. “Next time.”

He felt Hannibal’s smile against his cheek. “Yes,” he whispered, “Next time.”

Chapter 7

The minute they walked inside their home that next afternoon Will felt like the house had changed. He saw the bloody mark on the hallway carpet and paused to stare a little too long before heading to their bedroom. They'd been told Meere got into the house by breaking the locks on the backdoor, and Hannibal was already calling to get all the doors in the house replaced even before Will made it up the stairs.

Will lay with his face pressed against Hannibal's pillow and waited for him, rubbing his belly. He'd been woken up a few times in the night with what he suspected was indigestion from shitty hospital food. He rolled onto his back and smelled bits of Meere's scent still lingering in the room along with a few others.

He'd only just been in this room again after so long and now everything felt tainted.

Hannibal came in not long after, pulled him close, and Will tried to block out all the weird scents of others.

"Tell me how I can fix this."

"It's still fresh," Will said, trying not to cry, "I just...maybe we need to stay somewhere else for a few days or something. I don't know. I don't like all these weird scents of other people here."

"There will be more coming," Hannibal said, kissing his mark, "Workers to replace the doors, install a security alarm, and remove the carpet in the hallway."

"I don't want to be here," Will mumbled, "I just want to be with you."

He could feel Hannibal's happiness through their bond immediately. "I will get us a room, have someone come to clean thoroughly after the work is finished, and attempt to....make this a home for you again."

“You can’t leave all those people here alone.”

“No one will be here alone.”

“Hannibal, I don’t want you to be here while I’m…somewhere else.”

“One of my colleagues called and offered to watch the house while repairs are being done when I told her what happened. She is an alpha of some esteem, and most of the workers will be intimidated enough at that.”

Will frowned. “Who?”

“Dr. Alana Bloom.”

He turned to look at Hannibal in surprise. “You know Alana?”

“Yes, I was her mentor in medical school. How do *you* know Alana?”

He paused before he spoke. “We met when I was still working for the FBI. She consulted about a case, we got to talking, and we were friends for a while. I haven’t seen her in years.”

“There’s something you’re not telling me.”

“I had a little bit of a crush on her,” Will admitted, blushing as he looked down, “I mean she thought I was too unstable to even *think* about dating me but I liked her.”

Hannibal lifted Will’s chin up with two fingers. “Did you want her to be your alpha?”

Will licked his lips. “I never wanted anyone to be my alpha until you.”

“And I thank you for the privilege.”

Will’s purr came unbidden as he leaned in and pressed their lips together.

“You’re welcome.”

Hannibal’s aroused scent was enough to make Will’s slick to spill down his backside. He pressed his nose to Will’s neck and breathed in deep. “Your scent tortures me.”

He licked his lips, feeling warm, and nuzzled his cheek against Hannibal’s. “We could just…”

A hard kick to his bladder made Will pause.

“Will?”

“I gotta get to the bathroom before more than slick is all over your expensive sheets. Can you move?”

Hannibal moved over and Will hurried to the bathroom. His daughter kicked again and he rushed to the toilet. He sighed, felt less overwhelmed, and sat down on the toilet seat to take a breather.

Things had been so good.

Yeah, it had taken the murder of an asshole to bring them here but he felt safe enough to maybe give into what they both wanted so badly. He was so close to trusting in Hannibal again. What if he hopped into bed with him again and some other secret came out?

He knew Hannibal hadn't sent Rodney Meere to the house, he'd been as upset as Will last night. Will could feel Hannibal through his bond, there was no way he could get away with lying to him again.

Will blinked.

He trusted Hannibal.

He smiled, shook his head, and hurried to wash his hands before heading back into the bedroom.

The completely empty bedroom.

Will frowned. He followed Hannibal's scent from their room all the down the stairs where he paused to listen.

"You're certain? Completely? Yes. Yes. I will be there as soon as possible with your money. Yes."

He felt unease in his chest.

Who was Hannibal talking to?

Will walked down the stairs, hating how upset he was getting, and walked into the living room where Hannibal paused when he saw him.

"I will call you back. Yes. Today. Yes. Goodbye."

He hung up and frowned at Will. “What’s wrong?”

“You weren’t in the bedroom so I followed your scent and...who was that?”

Hannibal paused. “No one.”

“You’re lying.”

“Will….”

“You said you wouldn’t lie to me ever again and here you are having secret phone conversations talking about money. Who were you talking to?”

Hannibal sighed. “I wanted it to be a surprise.”

“What?”

He sat down on the couch and patted the spot beside him. “Please sit.”

“Not until you tell me who that was.”

“Please, Will?”

Will sat down, folded his arms, and glared across the couch at him. “Okay, I’m sitting. Now what?”

“Ever since your story about the dog I have been looking into getting you one. There are several reputable sellers who have many expensive breeds but I wanted to be sure you would like them before choosing. The woman who called me now fosters a stray that is quite the watchdog, sweet tempered, and loves children. She’s assured me that her sister is expecting and he’s been quite docile with her as well.”

Will blinked at him. “You got me a dog?”

“Well not yet, but I’ve been trying to do so for nearly three weeks. Are you angry that I didn’t ask your permission? You and I could go out shopping together for another if you would prefer.”

He burst into tears, threw himself into Hannibal’s arms, and began to scent all over his neck and cheeks. Will could only purr, overwhelmed so much by Hannibal’s thoughtfulness, and felt Hannibal’s happiness through their bond.

“Will…”

Will sniffled, kissed Hannibal’s mark, and then his lips. “Can we go now?”

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled, “If you’d like. I do want to get us a room for the night before we go, and since our new friend will be along the hotel will have to allow canine companions. We also need to pack a bag.”

“I can pack, just let me...”

“Sit,” Hannibal said softly, kissing his forehead, “Just stay here and allow me. I shouldn’t be more than fifteen minutes.”

Will thought for a minute about arguing but decided to just lay back on the cushions. Hannibal enjoyed doing things for him and after the dog thing he deserved to be able to do something he wanted to do.

Though at the rate things were going he was gonna be doing something else he'd wanted to do for weeks tonight too.

He smiled, happy to have something to surprise Hannibal with in return, and waited until his alpha was ready to go. Will pulled out his cell phone and started to play, "Omega Dash," his favorite guilty pleasure app totally catered to alphas who wished for the days of omega chases and chastity belts. He got past thirteen feral horny alphas and narrowly missed the Pit of Despair when Hannibal shook his shoulder.

"You were lost in that. I've been trying to alert you for nearly three minutes."

"Sorry," Will laughed, "I've just got to get past this next part before the save point or…"

He watched his omega fall into a heat trap and sighed. "I might get caught."

"You were captured?"

Will exited out of the game, blushing. "Something like that."

"Is that an adventure game?"

"No, it's...Omega Dash."

Hannibal smiled. "What do the omegas dash from?"

He felt his cheeks turn redder. "Nothing important."

“If you’re turning so very red it’s got to be very important.”

“Alphas,” Will mumbled, “Horny, feral alphas. And if I get to the end of the race my omega gets more powers and....you’re laughing at me.”

Hannibal’s smile widened. “Never, Will. Omega Dash sounds like a wonderful game. Perhaps....we can play together sometime. Just the two of us.”

Will licked his lips. “I can’t run very fast right now.”

“After the baby is born,” Hannibal said, coming in close to kiss his cheek, “I want you to be in peak running condition.”

He was about ready to go change his pants now that he was slicking again. “If you don’t stop I’m gonna slick all over the couch too.”

“A healthy slick discharge is a good sign for a healthy omega. I’ve never been one to care about such things. I can always find a new couch but never another omega like you.”

Will blushed. “Careful there Dr. Lecter, you’re gonna give me a swelled head.”

“I hope so.”

He laughed. “Everything ready?” Will asked, “Can we go?”

“Yes, Mylimasis,” Hannibal said, softly touching Will’s cheek, “We can go. Do you need help getting up from the couch?”

Will moved to stand and fell back onto the couch again. “Yes.”

He admired his alpha as Hannibal came around the couch, and took both his offered hands being easily lifted into standing. Will held onto one hand, letting the other fall, and Hannibal picked up a bag by the door before walking out with him.

“Are you leaving keys for Alana?”

“I was planning on stopping along the way. Unless there’s a reason why you don’t wish to see her again?”

“Can’t think of one,” Will said, “I’m sure she’ll be surprised.”

“I’m quite sure.”

The minute they got into the car Hannibal grabbed for his hand, and Will smiled.

“What did you think about hand holding before me?”

Hannibal pressed the garage door opener and looked at Will. “I’d never understood the appeal. Hands can be sweaty, unkempt, and people rarely wash them properly.”

Will laughed. “Is this where I promise I washed my hands?”

“Every aspect of your scent is like ambrosia to me, Will. Even if you didn’t, I wouldn’t very much care.”

Hannibal pulled the car out of the driveway and began to drive down the street. Will watched his concentration never waver, and smiled down at their joint hands. “I know you wash yours. They’re too soft for you not to be washing them. Though I’m not sure I’ve ever learned the ‘proper’ way.”

“I’ll teach you, if you’d like.”

“I’d love for you to be my teacher, *Alpha* .”

He felt the change in their bond instantly, and Hannibal’s nostrils flared even as he didn’t look anywhere but forward. “ *Will…* ”

“ *Hannibal…* ”

Hannibal squeezed his hand. “It’s not very nice to tease me.”

“I like teasing you,” Will said, bringing his hand up to kiss.

“I know.”

“And teasing is a form of affection from me,” Will said, squeezing his hand again, “You should have already gotten used to that.”

“I didn’t mean that kind of tease.”

Will smiled. “I know.”

He alternated between caressing and squeezing Hannibal’s hand the whole ride to Alana’s house, enjoying the scent of his arousal and content feelings echoing back through their bond. They didn’t speak though every touch seemed to say more than words ever could. The minute Hannibal parked Will kissed him, the soft touch strengthening their bond, and when they pulled apart both of them were smiling.

“If I had known promising you a dog would get this type of reaction I would have told you much sooner.”

Will laughed. “It’s not just that,” he whispered, touching Hannibal’s cheek, “And you know it.”

Hannibal nodded. “Yes, but….did the dog not help?”

“Maybe,” Will whispered, “The dog helped a little.”

He kissed him again, his tongue teasing, and was almost across the car before a knock interrupted them.

They broke apart and turned to see Alana knocking on the window. Will blushed and Hannibal made the window go down on the driver side. “We apologize, it’s---”

“Will?” Alana said, blinking at him in surprise.

“Yeah, um, hi Alana.”

“You...wow. I mean, Hannibal said his mate was named Will but I didn’t think... *wow* . I would’ve never expected.”

Will felt oddly insulted by that but smiled anyway as Hannibal took his hand. “Will was one of my patients and we...unexpectedly formed a very quick liking to each other.”

“You’re pregnant? I...oh *wow* . Congratulations!.”

“Thank you,” Will mumbled.

Hannibal reached into his pocket and handed her a key. “The workers will be there early tomorrow morning and are meant to finish by the end of the day. They’ve been paid extra for the promise things will be finished by then.”

“I’m so sorry about what happened,” she said, “I mean I heard about it on TV but they didn’t say the names of those involved. That must’ve been terrifying.”

Will squeezed Hannibal’s hand and didn’t say anything.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered, squeezing back, “But Will saved us both.”

He smiled at him.

“If there’s anything else you both need, *anything* , don’t hesitate to call. Okay?”

“Thank you.”

“And Will, it was nice seeing you again. If you ever want to get together for coffee, or---”

“We must be going,” Hannibal interrupted, “We have an appointment that can’t be changed.”

“Oh,” she said, frowning, “Sorry. I’ll make sure everything is perfect!”

“Thank you again.”

Hannibal rolled the window up and Will smiled, laying on his shoulder. “Jealous, Dr. Lecter?”

“Of course not.”

“Then if I want to go see Alana for coffee, you’d be okay with that?”

“Coffee is bad for pregnancies, and for breast milk after giving birth. It would be quite reckless for you to do such a thing.”

Will laughed. “You made that last part up, didn’t you?”

“I promised never to lie to you again, did I not?”

He kissed Hannibal’s cheek. “You did, but I still think you’re exaggerating.”

“Perhaps.”

“We’ll go out for ice cream if that makes you feel better.”

“I can make much better ice cream than any shop ever could, and with much more healthy ingredients.”

“We’ll sit in the park eating rice cakes and drinking water. Does that sound better?”

“There could be bugs in the park, and a child that age would be quite vulnerable to---”

Will burst out laughing and buried his face into Hannibal’s shoulder. He nuzzled Hannibal’s suit coat, inhaled the scent, and lifted up to stare at him again. “I’ll invite her over to the house.”

“That sounds lovely.”

He felt his eyes grow heavy and sighed. “I’m just gonna rest my eyes a little.”

“There’s more than enough time.”

Will drifted off and didn’t wake again until Hannibal kissed his forehead. “ *Will* .”

He blinked, adjusting to the light, and smiled up at him. “Hi.”

“We’re at Ms. Foster’s home.”

Will suddenly felt wide awake, sat up, and hurried to take off his seat belt. “The dog is inside? We can just go right in?”

“Yes, but it’s not--”

He had the door open even before Hannibal finished his sentence, and was halfway to the door before the alpha could catch up. The excitement built as he got closer and Hannibal grabbed his hand before he could step up to the porch. Will turned to smile at him.

“What?”

“I’m very happy to be the one to make you this excited.”

Will put both hands on Hannibal’s cheeks and kissed him. “And I haven’t even seen the dog yet.”

“No, you haven’t.”

“Can you even imagine how *excited* I’m gonna be when---”

A bunch of barking interrupted them and they both looked to see a blonde woman standing in the doorway. “Oh! I thought maybe someone was out there since the dogs were getting so rowdy! Dr. Lecter, right?”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, stepping forward, “I’m Dr. Lecter and this is my mate, Will Graham.”

Will stepped up on the porch just as the woman held out her hand. “Molly Foster,” she said, smiling, “I was just about to take one of these fellas out for a walk but now that you’re here…c’mon in and join the fun.”

She took a step back gesturing for them to come into the house. He caught a bit of her beta scent when they passed and a thinner less distinct one inside. There were two dogs sitting on the couch, a copper colored retriever and a black cocker spaniel, when he came into the living room and both ran toward them immediately.

“This is Randy and Nessie. They’re mine. Both strays if you could believe that given how gorgeous they are.”

He moved to bend down but both dogs sniffed and licked his hands.

“Oh god I should’ve offered you the couch. I’m so sorry. Wally and I don’t have a lot of guests, especially pregnant ones, so my manners are going to the dogs I guess.”

Will smiled. “It’s okay, I can stand.”

“No please, sit. I’ll go get Winston, and you just stay here together with Randy and Ness. They’re both sweethearts.”

They sat down on the couch and Will laughed when Randy put his head on Hannibal’s knee.

“He wants you to pet him.”

Hannibal ran his hand over the retriever’s nose , and the dog nudged closer for more. “How long do I need to keep doing this?”

“He’d prefer forever but you can try to stop if you want.”

Will scratched behind Nellie’s ears, and she licked his fingers.

“Here he is!”

They both turned to see a brown and tan spotted mutt being led into the living room on a leash. Molly let him off the leash and he stopped halfway to stare at them. Will held out his hand.

“Hey, buddy.”

Winston came over slow, head down, and then came right to Will’s hand. He sniffed, licked, and then rubbed his head underneath Will’s palm.

“I think he likes you,” Hannibal whispered, petting Winston’s flank.

Will’s eyes filled with tears. “You think so?”

“Absolutely,” Molly said, “I mean he’s been a sweetheart since the shelter had me take him in but this is the first time he’s warmed up to anyone like that besides my sister, and she is not looking for a dog with a baby on the way.”

“Perhaps his last owner was also expecting?”

“Maybe? He’s been at the shelter for almost a year and no one’s come to take him home.”

Will laid his head on Winston’s neck and smiled. “They have now.”

“That’s good then since your alpha filled out the application, paid the fees, and all that. Things will go a lot quicker. I think….”

Hannibal stood up. “Ms. Foster? If we could speak?”

Will hardly noticed when they left he was too busy with Winston, and when they came back he wasn’t surprised to see Hannibal holding a leash.

“You made a couple calls?”

“They already have our application and the fee. Everything else can be remedied online despite what they wanted.”

“He’s got his shots and everything?

“Yes, he’s been properly vaccinated. If you’d like to spend more time with the other two dogs I will not cut your fun short, but if you want to find some things for the new addition to our family we should leave no”

Will grabbed his tie and pulled Hannibal down for a kiss that warmed him right down to his toes. He smiled at Will when they parted. “Let’s go.”

He affixed the leash to Winston’s collar and let Hannibal help him up off the couch. They started to walk toward the door and Will noticed Molly lingering in the doorway of the kitchen. She looked oddly intimidated by them, and instead of Will feeling bad about Hannibal using his alpha wiles to get what they wanted he only felt happier.

There were very few things his alpha couldn’t do, and the security in knowing that was everything.

Chapter 8

Will had never been anywhere this nice before.

He walked through the door of their suite, eyes wide, and took in the gold shining around him.

“Wow.”

The door closed behind them and he let Winston off the leash. Winston sniffed everything he could, running through the room, and Will smiled.

“He might make a mess.”

“That is why we’re in a suite. He can have his own bedroom, and if there is a mess we don’t have to worry it’ll be taken care of.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I’m not leaving a shit pile for someone else to clean up, Hannibal. And I don’t want to lock him away when we just got him. He might think he’s being caged up again and….I don’t want him to think he’s gonna be living like that.”

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will from behind. “If it so upsets you then he can stay in our bed. Though I’m not overly thrilled with spoiling your pet before we even get him into our home.”

He relaxed against Hannibal’s chest. “I thought you liked to spoil new additions to your home.”

“Only one.”

He smiled. “He can sleep on the floor,” Will said, “And...if we want to do.... *something* later he can have some time alone in his room.”

“Will.”

Will turned around in Hannibal’s arms and hated that his stomach stuck out so much he couldn’t comfortably be as close as he wanted. He grabbed Hannibal’s hand and started to lead them to a couch.

“I think we need to talk.”

“Is this a good conversation we’re about to have?”

He squeezed their hands together. “What does our bond tell you?”

“You’re nervous.”

He smiled and looked away. “A little, but...I trust you.”

Hannibal turned Will’s cheek and he had tears in his eyes. “You trust me? You’re certain?”

“A hundred percent.”

“I knew you had warmed to me again but I hadn’t hoped for your trust. You have every right never to trust me again and I would still stand beside you just happy to be allowed the privilege of being your mate.”

Will took the end of Hannibal's tie between his fingers and smiled as a tear fell down his cheek.

"I was so mad at you."

"I know, Mylimasis. I know."

"But I get why you did what you did," he whispered, "I do. You're selfish, arrogant, and pretty much the worst alpha I could've ever chosen to be my mate."

" *Will…* "

"But I'm in love with you," Will sighed, looking up at him, "And I know that you'd walk through fire for me even if you'd step on the burning bodies of everyone else."

Hannibal's hands came to his cheeks. "I love you, Will."

"I love you, Hannibal. I….I love you so much."

He whimpered when Hannibal kissed him softly, barely touching, and smashed their mouths together for more. Hannibal shivered as Will climbed into his lap, the back of his pants wet with slick, and grinded down against the alpha's hardness. He could hardly think he was so desperate to be closer, and when Hannibal pulled back to smile at him Will was lost.

"I want you to do something for me," he whispered.

"Anything," Will purred, "I…."

"I would like to feel you inside me."

Will felt another gush of slick slide down his backside. “You...but that’s…”

“Something neither of us has done before,” Hannibal finished, kissing his cheek, “This is me...swallowing my pride and asking for what I want.”

He nuzzled Hannibal’s cheek, purring loudly, and teased the alpha’s mark with his teeth.

“Yes,” he whispered, “Yes, yes, yes.”

Hannibal’s hands came to his hips and Will moaned as he started to lift up his shirt.

“BARK!”

They both turned and saw Winston looking expectant at the foot of the couch.

Will laughed. “He either has to go outside, is hungry, or just wants attention.”

Hannibal sighed. “How are we to know which it is?”

“Molly fed him before we left, so it’s not that, and if he wanted attention he’d pretty much come over here to get some.”

“I will take him outside.”

“You don’t have to,” Will said, as Hannibal gently moved him off his lap, “I can--”

“Of course I do, Will. Just...please wait for me in the bedroom.”

Will licked his lips. “Okay, *Alpha.* Do you want me to wash my hands while you’re gone or do you still want to teach me the proper way?”

Hannibal kissed him dirty, deep, and wet. Will whimpered when he pulled away, and Hannibal smiled. “Just be ready.”

He fell back on the couch when they left, sighing as he imagined what was to come. The little experience he’d had with anyone didn’t even factor into his thoughts as anticipation won. Weeks had passed since they’d last made love, that wonderful night they’d bonded, and then Will's discovery of Hannibal’s deception had ruined everything.

Will trusted Hannibal now, there was no doubt, and as he tossed off pieces of clothes on his way to the bedroom all he could think about was just how far they’d come in such a short time.

Hannibal’s words of comfort when he’d saved Will from Matt that felt ruined after but now Will knew they were true.

He wouldn’t hold Will’s instincts against him again, because Hannibal was ruled by his own when it came to Will .

Will stopped to admire the gold and burgundy swirls on the elaborate bedspread on the obnoxiously oversized bed in the middle of the bedroom. He ran his fingers over the silky fabric before he peeled back the edge and lay down.

Their new bed at home was more comfortable but this was a very close second.

He closed his eyes and ran fingers down his belly, sighing as he felt the baby kick.

“Just let me have tonight, and you can have the next eighteen years ok?”

She seemed to settle and he tried to get back the anticipation again. Hannibal was coming, and he wanted Will to be inside him. Will purred as he thought of the very idea, bypassing his belly now and sticking two fingers inside his already wet hole.

“ *Alpha.* ”

The gush of slick on his fingers made him whimper, the need building, and it took a minute for Will to catch Hannibal’s scent in the room he was so consumed with desire. He opened his eyes and the look his alpha gave him made Will moan.

“You are a vision.”

“I need….I....I….”

Will watched as Hannibal tossed his suit coat on an armchair and began to loosen his tie.

“I have waited to be close to you again this way,” Hannibal said, his aroused scent making Will purr, “To see you lost in pleasure.”

He stopped his fingers and found himself shaking as Hannibal began to unbutton his shirt. Their bond thrummed with the same need that Will felt burning inside him.

“You,” he gasped, sitting up, “I haven’t in so long....I want to see you.”

Hannibal let his shirt fall and made quick work of his trousers, kicking them off as he stood wearing nothing more than black silk briefs.

“You are the only one I want to be seen by,” Hannibal growled, letting that last bit of silk tumble to the floor.

Will's slick came out in a rush as he fought to present for his alpha, laying back when Hannibal came toward the bed. " *Alpha.* "

Hannibal crawled toward him with a predatory slowness, his aroused scent and voracious need through their bond leaving Will desperate for his touch. He parted Will's thighs with hungry hands, making him purr, and before Will could even take a breath the alpha's tongue was inside him.

He cried out, shaking at every flick of Hannibal's tongue as he lapped at his slick, teasing and plunging his thick hard tongue in and out until Will was a quivering mess. Will could barely see him over the swell of his belly, but reached out to grasp the alpha's hair.

"Oh god," he groaned, pulling hard on his hair, "God, Alpha...I...I….oh god stop I'm gonna...."

Hannibal lifted his head to smile. "Are you ready to take me, Mylimasis?"

His mouth was swollen and dripping wet from his voracious hunger for Will's sweetness. Will's whole body shook with how close he was to orgasm, and he reached out to grab Hannibal's hand on the bed. "I'm not sure how long I'll last after that."

"I won't apologize for how much I love the sound of your moans and the taste of your sweet slick."

Will's stiff cock was red with precum and ached just as much as his hole now did.

"I wasn't asking you to, Alpha, but don't be surprised if I come super fast the minute I'm inside you."

Hannibal wiped his mouth with two fingers, and Will watched his slick coat the alpha's thick digits. "I would be flattered if that were the case. Do you wish for me to prepare you to enter me, Will?"

"If you put your hands anywhere near my ass again I'm gonna come," he sighed, sweat pouring down his face.

Hannibal grinned. "Is that not the desired outcome?"

Will felt made a sound that was something between a purr and a growl. "You're not funny."

He leaned in close enough to kiss him but didn't move.

"No touching you at all?"

"Hannibal…"

"Will...you told me you trusted me. Trust me with this."

Will nodded. "Okay."

Hannibal pressed their lips together softly, barely touching, and Will whimpered as he felt the alpha's hand come dangerously close to his entrance. Every graze of fingers on the edge of his rim made him shudder, and when he felt Hannibal's hand wrap around his cock Will let out a groan biting his tongue.

He could hardly contain himself even with the quick slickening of his length and felt just about ready to succumb when Hannibal took his hand away. Will hissed in frustration as Hannibal broke their kiss and smiled down at him.

“Hold on for me, Mylimasis. I know you can.”

“I’ve never done this before. You can’t expect me to—-“

Hannibal brought the slick wet fingers to his mouth and sucked them, his eyes rolling back in his head at the taste. “Will…”

Will purred. “Please.”

He moved to position himself up above Will’s cock. “Trust me.”

The slow descent as he lowered down onto Will’s aching length was torture. His tightness was just too perfect, felt so good on his cock, and the echo of pleasure back through their bond made things even harder. Will had to close his eyes because seeing his alpha take him in was too much.

“Oh Will, you feel…please look at me.”

“I *can’t* . I’m…so close.”

“Please, Beloved. Look at us together this way. I know you can feel but *please* .”

Will opened his eyes and tears filled his eyes. “I can’t see. My stomach…it’s too big. I can’t see.”

Hannibal held his hands out for Will to take. “Let me help you.”

He took Hannibal’s hands to be pulled up and the movement made them both moan. It wasn’t comfortable nor was it perfect, but when Hannibal kissed him again Will didn’t much care.

Will groaned when Hannibal began to move ever so slowly, and put Will's hand between them.

The feel of their joining without the sight made a thousand different images run through Will's head as Hannibal rocked them together. He found himself no longer so close to succumbing too soon. He wanted more, needed everything, and when he broke their kiss to feel Hannibal even deeper the movement again made him cry out.

"Will…"

"Ride me, Alpha," he gasped.

Hannibal began to rock up and down on Will's cock faster as Will thrust up to meet him. "No one has ever….oh Will...I….."

Will grabbed his hands, squeezed tight, and he was so far gone he could hardly speak.

"Alpha….love you….oh god…"

He felt his orgasm be ripped from him and could've sobbed with relief.

"Will, oh Will."

"Fuck me," Will gasped, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. I need your knot. I need…."

Hannibal separated them so fast Will groaned at the loss but when he was turned on his side tears filled his eyes. "Mine," Hannibal whispered, thrusting inside, "Mine, mine, mine."

Will's sob of relief was silenced by Hannibal's kiss, and every thrust of his alpha's cock made him shudder with bliss. He felt Hannibal's knot start to fill and thrust back against him, desperate to be locked together, and when they broke for breath as the scent of his alpha's desire had Will in a blissful haze.

"Mine," Hannibal growled.

He withdrew from Will's aching hole and thrust back inside making him groan.

"Yes, yes, yessss…."

Hannibal bit into Will's mating mark just as his knot locked them together. Will's body ached with the need to fall over the edge again but he just rode the wave of pleasure the alpha's knot gave.

His entire body felt the touch of Hannibal's tongue to mark and he shivered.

"That was….fuck that was amazing."

"Mmm…"

Will felt a sudden pressure in his belly and ignored the unpleasant moment instead leaning back to smile at Hannibal. "Kiss me."

He let himself get lost in the feeling of being perfectly mated.

No more lies.

No more mistakes keeping them from being happy.

This was what they were supposed to feel like.

Pure happiness.

Hannibal's hand came to his belly and Will threaded their fingers together. He pressed back as the alpha's knot pulsed inside him. Another annoying ache almost pushed Will out of his happiness but he ignored the movement again.

They tasted each other's mouths, basked in the afterglow, and would've continued if not for the knot going down. Will had waited so long to feel his mate's knot again and now everything was over so soon. He winced as they parted and Hannibal kissed his shoulder.

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I just hate this part."

"I'm not going anywhere."

"I know I just…"

A spike of pain hit Will and he winced as Hannibal froze.

"Will, what was that just now? I felt a sharp pain come from you."

Will shook his head, laying down as Hannibal got up to get something to clean them.

"I think the baby is just…feeling left out."

All at once Will felt a gush of what felt like slick leave his ass. He gasped, and Hannibal ran into the room holding a washcloth.

“Will?”

“I don’t know why I’d get so slick again so soon. I’ve…”

Hannibal jumped onto the bed, pressed two fingers inside him, and stared at Will with wide eyes. “That’s not what just happened.”

“Then what was it?”

He smiled. “Your water just broke. The baby is coming.”

Chapter 9

There was something to be said for having an OB/GYN for a mate until they insist on delivering your baby and leave you alone to go get ready for your surgery.

Will's contractions had come on so suddenly and close together that when they arrived he was almost immediately scheduled for his cesarean section. Omega males had no means to deliver without them, and despite Will's begging him not to leave Hannibal would be giving him his.

The nurses were nice, attentive, and assured him things would go fine.

He hated this separation so soon after they'd finally come together again.

With each new painful contraction and the epidural taking way too long to work he found himself sobbing, squeezing strangers' hands and cursing out his alpha.

How could he leave him like this?

The minute the shot kicked in he felt better, but still distressed without the comfort of his mate.

Tears were on his cheeks and in his eyes when Hannibal returned.

" *Will…* "

"Go away," he sniffled, looking at his hand being held by Nurse Georgia.

“Mylimasis, I…”

“Dr. Lecter, maybe it’s best….”

“He’s my mate.”

“Your mate who’s been waiting for you to return for nearly an hour all alone with strangers he barely knows.”

Will sniffled. “I needed you.”

Hannibal took two steps closer. “I’m sorry, but…I’m here now and the surgery room is prepped.”

He still refused to look Hannibal in the eye. “Fine.”

“The operation is standard procedure and…”

Will felt pressure in his belly again. “I said *fine* . I’m feeling them faster now so let’s get on with this.”

The push to the operating room was silent for them both, though Will felt comforted by Hannibal’s scent so close and got annoyed that he did.

He could feel Hannibal’s distress the entire time and all that did was increase his own.

There were plenty of medical staff waiting when Will was brought into the room and the more people who started to touch him the worse he felt. Hannibal reached for his hand and stopped himself.

Will felt the rejection in the deepest parts of his omegan core and tears filled his eyes as they started to block his view with a curtain when Hannibal left him.

“No!” Will called out, “Please, no. I need...please don’t.”

The nurses both looked at each other. “Mr. Graham….”

“I need to see,” Will whispered, “I...that’s my Alpha. I need to see him... *please.* ”

Will locked eyes with Hannibal and felt a rush of love through their bond. He didn’t know why Hannibal was insisting on doing the surgery, not when Will needed him so much, but he locked onto him as the nurses moved the curtain.

“For as long as we can,” one of the nurses said, “But now we’re going to be giving you a few things and cleaning the…”

He nodded, still shaking, and never took his eyes off Hannibal. “I know. They told me all this before. Do whatever you want, just...let me see him.”

Will didn’t pay attention to the rest. His body was numb but his distress grew as things happened all around him. He saw Hannibal take some steps toward him a few times but stop himself, talking with the other nurses, and when they insisted on a transparent thin shield between him and Hannibal he clamped down on their bond so hard nothing else mattered.

The whole procedure Will saw through the thin veneer of the barrier, not nearly a good enough view but he took what he could get. The minute he heard his daughter’s first cry Will sobbed, grabbing for someone and surprised to see Georgia beside him.

“She’s perfect,” she whispered, wiping his forehead, “Everything is fine.”

Will relaxed, tears falling down his cheeks, and when another nurse came to put the baby on his chest his vision blurred. He looked at Hannibal and saw him sewing the hole he'd cut in him with determination.

They should've been doing this together.

He pressed his forehead against his daughter's and she let out another cry.

"I'm your Daddy," Will whispered, "And I'm so happy to see you."

Will whimpered when they had to take her away, and watched as Hannibal finished sewing the incision. He met the alpha's gaze and was floored by the pain that came through their bond. What was making him feel that way?

He held out his hand as the barrier was taken down and Hannibal stepped forward only for the nurse to come up to let him hold the baby.

Will couldn't stop the purr that came out of him when Hannibal held her and the pain that had echoed through their bond seemed to disappear. He looked up at Will, stepped forward, and nothing else mattered.

"Alpha."

"Will, I…"

He held out his hand again and when he felt Hannibal's touch Will relaxed at once.

"She looks like you."

“Thank god,” Will laughed.

Hannibal squeezed his hand as they started to ready him for transport.

“I will never be able to make up for my behavior,” Hannibal whispered, “I…I know what I did was wrong and how frightened you were but I...I had to be the one.”

Will pulled on his arm weakly and Hannibal lay their daughter on Will’s chest as he came close to them both.

“You’re gonna explain everything to me,” Will whispered, “You *are* .”

“I will. I….promise.”

“Don’t. Just...let me feel this.”

“It’s over, Will. I’m here.”

The words made Will let out another sob, kissing him with tears streaming down his face, and pressing their foreheads together. They sat there for how long Will didn’t know, but when the nurses came to take the baby he pressed his mouth to Will’s so softly Will ached for more.

“I must go. I will join you immediately.”

“No, don’t…please don’t.”

He kissed Will again and squeezed his hand. “I promise I won’t be long.”

Will believed him this time.

Georgia and the two other nurses moved him out of the operating room. He was so exhausted that he didn't even remember falling asleep but when he woke to Hannibal singing in a language Will didn't know he felt every word deep in his bones.

"Mmm….can anyone listen to this concert or is this an Alpha Daddy Daughter event?"

The singing stopped and Will blinked his eyes open to see Hannibal sitting in a chair beside him holding the baby. "I'm sorry if I woke you."

He held out his hand and the feel of Hannibal's warm touch made him sigh. "You didn't. How is our little princess?"

"Perfect," Hannibal whispered, placing her on Will's chest, "And I'm sure quite hungry."

Will smiled down at her taking in the head full of brown curls, blue eyes, and chubby little cheeks. "How long was I out? You should've just given her formula."

"Not long at all."

He moved to pull down his hospital gown but failed. "Fuck, I can't—"

Hannibal's touch made Will shiver as he exposed Will's breast with ease, and even helped move his nipple to the baby's mouth. The minute she latched on Will gasped, meeting his alpha's gaze, and Hannibal ran two fingers down his cheek.

"Beautiful."

“She needs a name.”

“One has not come to you yet? I thought perhaps you had a preference already.”

Will shook his head. “Don’t you think I would’ve told you? Honestly I was waiting till I saw her for the first time. Thinking up a random name and attaching that to her without even a glimpse of what she might look like felt weird.”

Hannibal smiled. “Is there a name you feel fits her now?”

“Not really.”

“Nothing comes to mind when you look at her?”

Will looked down at the baby and ran a finger across her cheek. “I don’t think Perfect is a good word for a little girl. Might be a lot to live up to.”

Hannibal pressed a kiss to Will’s cheek. “Yes, that would be.”

He looked at Hannibal again. “Are you gonna tell me?”

The dark look that came over Hannibal’s expression and even bled through their bond made him realize just how little he knew about his mate.

“Perhaps now is not the time to have this conversation.”

“Now is the best time.”

“ *Will…* ”

He squeezed Hannibal’s hand. “You promised me.”

Their daughter sucked a bit too hard and Will gasped.

“Too much?”

“Yeah…”

“You can change to the other side.”

Will shook his head. “I’m ok.”

Hannibal got up from the chair and walked across the room to lock the door. He came back and sat down beside the bed again. “When I was twelve years old my entire family was murdered.”

Will’s eyes widened. “Oh god, Hannibal.”

“Please, just...let me continue.”

He nodded and moved to burp the baby, patting her on the back.

“The attack was unexpected,” Hannibal said, his jaw tensing, “They came in the night. I still remember my mother’s screams.”

Will blinked back tears as he heard the baby burp and moved to give her his other nipple. She fumbled with latching on but he managed, sighing as she started to eat. Hannibal was watching them with so much love in his eyes Will could hardly manage to breathe.

“Your sister?”

“They left Mischa for….later.”

“Later?”

“This is not a story for today, Will. Today is for new beginnings, for birth and life not death.”

Will grabbed his hand. “Tell me why you had to do my surgery.”

“Will…”

“Please, Hannibal.”

“They killed my father first,” Hannibal said, his voice thick, “And...they cut my mother open and told me I had to be the one to save her. They...they gave me….”

Will let out a sob, shaking his head. “Oh god, Alpha...”

“I couldn’t let someone else open you up,” Hannibal whispered, squeezing his hand, “If they did something wrong and you...I cannot lose you Will. Not now that I’ve finally found you.”

He shook his head. “You’re not gonna lose me. Not now, not ever.”

Hannibal looked at the baby in Will's arms. "I could feel your distress, and every echo of your pain hurt me so but I couldn't come to you no matter how much I wished to. I'm so sorry I wasn't there for you."

Will felt their daughter stop sucking and began to pat her back as he smiled at Hannibal through his tears. "You were where you were supposed to be."

The baby let out another soft burp and Will put her in his arms again. She made a few sounds but no more cries, and he pulled Hannibal in closer.

"What about we call her Mischa?" Will whispered, staring down at her.

"I…."

"I know there's more to that story," Will said, nuzzling his cheek, "And it's probably terrible but she looks like a Mischa to me."

Hannibal sighed, reaching out to touch their daughter's cheek. "You may not wish for that name when I tell you the rest."

Will sighed. "They made you eat her," he said, touching the baby's soft hair, "And you killed them. Right?"

He felt Hannibal tense. "Yes. How did you know?"

"Did you get them all?"

"Yes."

“Then that’s all that matters,” Will whispered, pressing a kiss to Hannibal’s cheek, “And Mischa...that’s her name. I know that’s her name. Mischa Graham-Lecter.”

Hannibal pressed a kiss to Mischa’s little head. “Mischa means....gift from God.”

Will smiled. “Our perfect gift.”

They sat there together for what felt like forever until Mischa fell asleep and Hannibal moved her to the crib beside the bed. He moved closer to Will, scenting his cheek and kissing until Will purred in bliss.

“I love seeing you this way.”

“Alpha….”

“You need to sleep, Mylimasis,” Hannibal whispered, kissing Will’s cheeks, “I am not going anywhere and the nurses will take Mischa until then.”

“No, I want…”

“Shhh…”

Will felt his eyes grow heavy as he started to drift and the last thing he heard was Hannibal’s whisper in his ear.

“Sleep, Beloved. We’re not going anywhere.”

Chapter 10

The next twenty four hours were spent bonding with Mischa and being close with Hannibal, though he got some visitors that next morning. Jack came, much to Will's surprise, along with Alana who brought Winston.

"Hey Buddy!"

Winston was still wary with them but let Will pet him. He'd honestly forgotten about the dog which made him a horrible pet owner.

"Hannibal told me," Alana said, noticing his discomfort, "And you had other things on your mind. It's not a crime to forget him just this once, Will. You had this beautiful bundle of joy to think about."

She held Mischa in her arms, beaming down at her, and Will watched them for a bit too long since Hannibal's unhappiness leaked through their bond.

"Having regrets?"

Will smiled at Hannibal. "Jealous, Doctor?"

Hannibal frowned. "No, I was merely…curious."

Will pulled him in for a kiss and nuzzled Hannibal's cheek. "You're the only one for me, Alpha. I love you and only you despite your many flaws."

Hannibal sighed. "I will never tire of hearing those words from you."

Will kissed his cheek. “I’ll never stop saying them.”

“I never would’ve expected to see you like this,” Jack said, smiling at them both, “Though I imagine you didn’t expect this either.”

Will shook his head. “No, not really. Not after…everything.”

Hannibal’s hurt bled through their bond and Will reached out to take his hand.

“Am I missing something?” Alana asked, frowning.

“Jack helped me with something a few weeks ago,” Will lied, “That’s all.”

She smiled. “Well, no talk about any of *that* today. Not if whatever that something was makes Hannibal have that face. The house looks amazing by the way. Wait till you see.”

Will tried to be enthusiastic about going back to the house after what happened. The trauma still lingered despite how things turned out.

“I can’t wait.”

Jack shared a look with him, then looked at Hannibal. The unsaid question was there.

Are you happy?

Will nodded and the smile Jack gave in return made him grin.

“I do not like when you share secretive looks with other alphas,” Hannibal mumbled, scenting his cheek.

He turned to kiss him. “You’ll have to get used to that, Alpha. Despite what you might want, there are going to be other people in my life besides Mischa.”

“We will just have to be sure to keep you very, very occupied.”

Will purred when Hannibal kissed him again

His body was sore but still he burned for Hannibal alone.

“I think….this is when we need to exit.”

They both turned to see Jack holding Mischa while Alana stood beside him. Both of them were smiling very similar smiles.

“Um….

Jack shook his head. “I know what it’s like to meet the love of your life, Will. You only have eyes for them even if they might make some very dangerous, *stupid* mistakes. I’m just happy you’re happy. And I’m thrilled to meet this little angel.”

He smiled down at Mischa.

Alana walked over to pick up Winston’s leash. “I’m gonna get going, guys. I’ll stop by tomorrow with Winston and the keys, okay?”

Will nodded and she hugged them both.

“Thank you, Alana.”

“You’re welcome.”

The minute she left Jack sat down in the chair beside Will’s bed.

“The bond is okay?”

“Yes,” Will said, “Everything is good.”

“Jack….” Hannibal started to say but he was interrupted.

“I don’t know you, Dr. Lecter. But I’ve known Will for years. He’s had a rough time doing what he did for me, and I hated to see him stop doing the work but I know that was better in the long run. He needed to find something that made him happy. I think he finally has.”

He held out his hand and Hannibal shook it.

“I promise to never stop making him happy, Jack.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Jack joked, and looked down at Mischa again, “And this little one here. Bella and I don’t have any kids so I don’t know what it’s like. But I know we’ll be sending this princess plenty of gifts to add to that happiness.”

“Jack, you…”

Jack stepped closer and handed Mischa to Hannibal.

“I’ll give Bella your love, and I expect to be invited to dinner soon. We have a lot more catching up to do.”

Will nodded. “Thank you, Jack.”

He nodded once and left them alone again.

The scent of his family so close made Will purr again and he leaned against Hannibal.

“I never thought I could be this happy.”

Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will and pulled him closer.

“Neither did I.”

The rest of the day was again spent bonding, eating, and filling things out like the birth certificate. Will had always imagined leaving the space above the word ‘Father’ blank for the last nine months. He had tears in his eyes when he wrote in Hannibal’s name, and he could feel his alpha’s joy at signing the line beneath.

“You’re certain?”

“Are you seriously gonna ask that?” He laughed, “After all of this?”

“I just want you to be completely certain that….”

Will kissed him quiet, and the rest of the night was spent watching crappy old television on the three stations the hospital got in before he fell asleep. He woke up twice in the night only to find Hannibal attempting to get Mischa to latch onto his nipple.

"I told you earlier, get a bottle or wake me up," he laughed, "It's not like I'd be able to sleep through that."

"I didn't want to disturb you."

He kissed his cheek. "Nice try."

Will fell asleep after the second attempt, and woke up to find Hannibal asleep with Mischa in his arms on the chair beside the bed.

His chest hurt just watching them, and his emotions must have bled through their bond because Hannibal woke not long after.

"I love you so much."

He smiled. "I love you too, Mylimasis."

They left the hospital that afternoon and Will was purring the minute they pulled away.

The next phase of their life together was about to begin and he was so happy he thought he might explode.

He should've expected that to be short lived.

Will felt panicked the minute they pulled into their driveway, just seeing the house again instilling him with fear.

“Will?”

“I….I don’t….”

Hannibal scented his cheek and Mischa started to cry.

“We can find another house, Will. If this one is abhorrent to you now, we can live elsewhere.”

He forced himself to get out of the car and go to Mischa, unstrapping her and whispering soothing noises to calm the upset she felt through their parental bond.

“It’s okay.”

“I’m entirely serious, Will.”

Will looked at the house. “I can’t let that asshole take my home from me, Hannibal.”

“We can get another home.”

“And then what if something happens in that one? We’ll just get fifty different houses because I can’t get over it?”

“Yes.”

Will kissed Mischa's cheek. "I'm not some helpless omega."

"I know, Will."

"This is my home, and he's dead because I fucking killed him."

"I know, Will. But perhaps…"

Hannibal reached for Will's shoulder but he stepped out of his reach, grabbing the keys out of his hand before heading for the house. His hands shook as he opened the lock but he got inside, walking right up the stairs and stopping.

The carpet was gone, the floors were new, and it looked nothing like he remembered.

But still the memories came.

Will's teeth hurt remembering the way Rodney's skin had felt as he tore into him and his tongue almost tasted the blood.

"Will."

"I'm fine."

Hannibal wrapped his arms around him. "You're certain?"

"Yes."

He kissed Will's cheek. "Let's look at the baby's room."

They headed for the room right beside their bedroom that was once Will's and to his surprise was now completely repainted in light green and white. There were flowers hand drawn in frames around the room in pencil and MISCHA was on the wall in white.

"I took the liberty. I hope you're not upset."

Will's eyes filled with tears. "It's beautiful. When did you have the time?"

"The flowers I had been drawing for months even before we….came together. I asked Alana to find the letters and have the workers paint while we were at the hospital."

He kissed Hannibal and smiled. "I love it."

Mischa settled quite nicely in the white crib and they walked out into the hallway to kiss again. He felt like that horrible night was already fading, and when Hannibal gently pulled away he whimpered.

"We cannot have sexual relations for some time yet, if you recall."

He sighed. "Rub it in."

"But I can give you something to take your mind off that."

Will frowned. "Another present? You were hardly away from me for even a second the past few days. When did you even have the time?"

Hannibal pulled a small box from his pocket. “All the time I *was* away from you before we found each other again.”

He felt his chest ache. “Hannibal….you didn’t have to. It was a joke.”

“Of course I did.”

Hannibal opened the lid and inside were two braided white gold bands. He took one of them out and placed it into Will’s hand. “If you would do the honors. Though I would ask you to read the inscription first.”

I knew you were mine

Will’s vision blurred with tears as he laughed. “You’re not allowed to do this to me today! My hormones are all over the place and…”

“Then it is the best time. *Please* , Will.”

The ring fit on Hannibal’s ring finger perfectly.

“Now they’ll all know you’re mine.”

Hannibal pulled his collar down to show off his mating mark. “I would’ve shown them this if they even dared.”

Will felt slick start to wet his backside. “You can’t do that. I can’t go from crying with happiness and then get wet from being horny. It’s omega abuse.”

He kissed Will’s hand. “My apologies.”

Will watched him take out the second ring, and he showed Will the inscription though he already knew what it would say.

I knew you were mine

“Alpha….”

Hannibal took his hand and slowly pushed the ring onto his finger. “I may have made some terrible choices in getting here, and I did not deserve to regain your trust again, but I am overjoyed at where we are. I knew you were mine the moment I laid eyes on you and every day since has only made that more clear. I love you with all of my heart, Will.”

Will launched himself at him, sobbing into his neck and Hannibal carried him into their bedroom. They laid together in their bed and he fell asleep purring only to wake up to the sound of Winston barking. The pillow beside him was empty and when he got into the hallway he turned to see Hannibal sitting in the rocking chair in Mischa’s room.

He fed her as he held her in his arms, with Winston lying at his feet, and Will’s heart felt like it might burst out of his chest to see them.

“....and I should also thank you for bringing Will to me. We never would’ve met if not for you, Mischa. Thank you for being the perfect gift after so many hardships. I may not have been able to protect your namesake, my dear little sister, but I will lay down my life for you if need be. I love you, little one. I always have from the moment I laid eyes on you in that first sonogram. I knew you were mine just as I knew your father was.”

Will turned and leaned against the wall, covering his mouth as he listened to Hannibal sing to her in Lithuanian.

How did he get to be so lucky?

“I can feel your emotional turbulence, Will. No need to hide.”

He turned, wiping his face, and walked into the room.

“So that was all a show for me?”

Hannibal shook his head. “I was not sure you weren’t just having very emotional reactions to dreams until I started to sing.”

“What did I feel like then?”

“Grateful.”

Will smiled. “I am, you know.”

Hannibal smiled. “I know. I am as well. Do you wish to feed her from your breast? I can….”

He shook his head. “I want to watch you.”

Hannibal moved his arm and Will sat on the other side of his lap, and he put his arm around him as he fed Mischa.

“The rocking chair was not built for this.”

Will laughed. “It’s okay, I think she’s falling asleep.”

He pulled the bottle back and began to softly pat her back.

“Alana stopped by?”

“Yes. She told me to tell you hello.”

Will laid his head on Hannibal’s shoulder. “Hmm.”

“I also started dinner.”

He kissed his cheek. “You’re the best alpha ever despite your many flaws.”

“I’m aware.”

Will grinned.

Mischa let out a small burp and Will stood up as he moved to lay her in the crib again. The two of them stared down at her, sighing.

“Our gift.”

“I think maybe we can have a few more.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek. “Oh?”

“One,” Will mumbled, “Maybe two.”

“Whatever makes you happy, Beloved.”

Will kissed his neck. “You do, Alpha. You do.”

THE END

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